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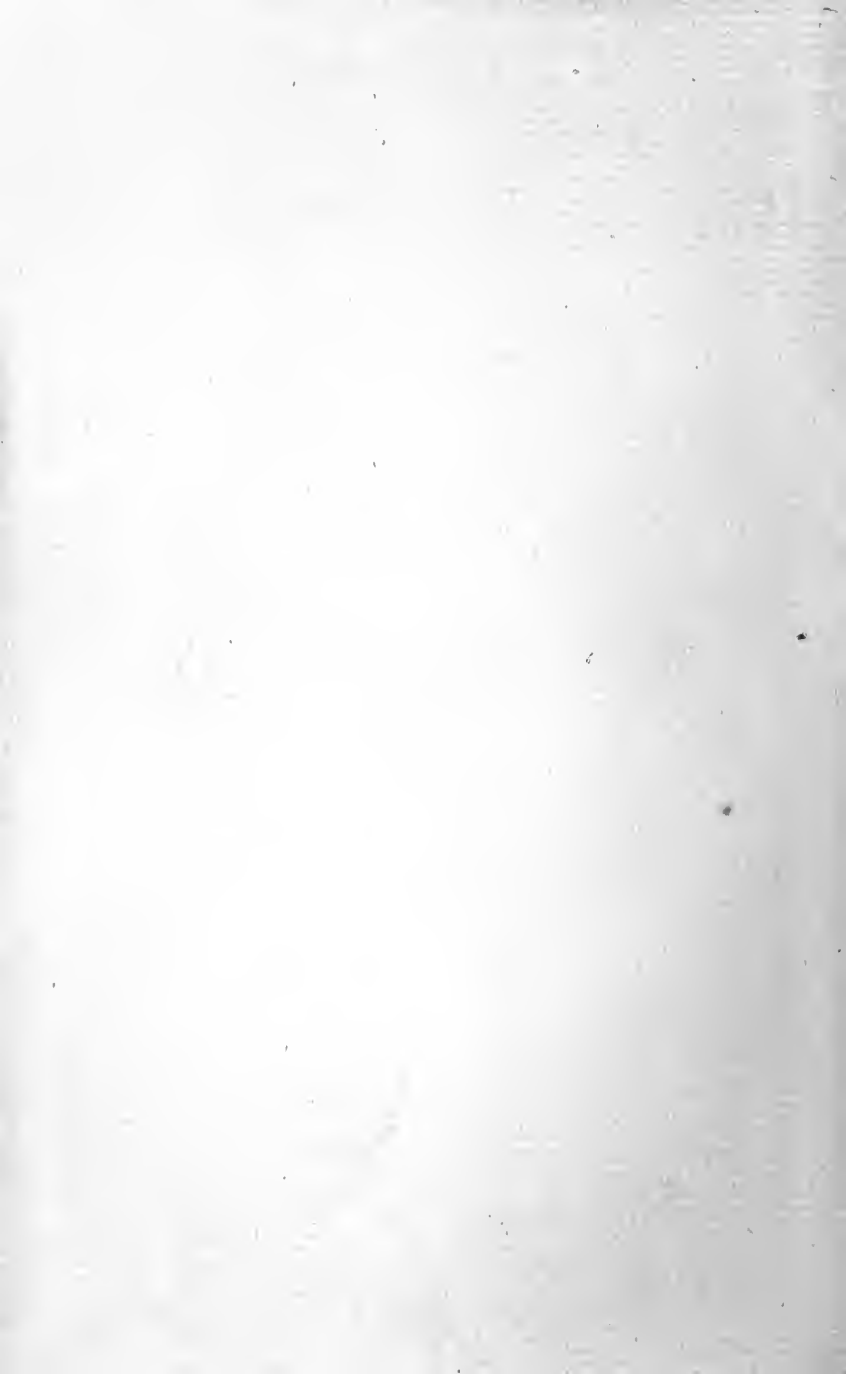


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POEMS AND PARAGRAPHS



Poems and Paragraphs

BY

HENRY AVELING

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POEMS AND PARAGRAPHS

CRITICS AND REVIEWERS.

Critics there are of many sorts,
And manifold propensities :
First comes the man who merely snorts
And straightway airs his densities.

He seizes on an author's book,
Pretending to review it ;
But soon reveals the squinting look
With which he means to do it.

No sooner finds he evidence
That it may prove successful
Then memory wakes in him the sense
Of his own fate distressful.

A disappointed author, he,
By publishers rejected,
Resolves that no one else shall be
For happier lot selected.

And what he dares to call reviewing
Proves that he turns the pages
Without the wit, his wrath subduing,
To shrink from poor outrages.

'Tis his to pass each merit by,
And pillory each weakness ;
To drag the author from the sky,
And teach him needful meekness.

Shewing that such has been the case.
Take just one illustration—
Given a word he can misplace
And put in false relation,

Observe with what amazing skill
He'll manage its perversion,
Simply by making it fulfil
His own unfair assertion ;—

Assertion that the book displays
All sorts of imbecilities,
And needs the critic's caustic ways,
Of testing puerilities.

When text from context has been wrenched,
Behold the grand creation!
A critic's wisdom all intrenched
In notes of admiration!

But readers are awake to-day,
And easily discover
The worth of what a foe may say,
As well as what a lover.

Impartial readers will refuse
To give their vote by proxy,
Preferring for themselves to choose
'Twixt truth and heterodoxy.

Meanwhile we know that righteous men
There are who do their duty,
Ready to wield the candid pen
In praise of worth and beauty.

Such critics no one will deny
The right of just reviewing,
Who seek the age to purify
And check unworthy doing.

Let authors aim, in all they write,
To make the good attractive,
Reviewers then may cease to smite
With zeal unduly active.

And all may hail the bright array
Of scrutineers protective,
Who guard our language from decay
Through scholarship defective.

HUMILITY'S OMNIPOTENCE.

Archangel Satan, in his fatal pride,
Grew discontented with his high estate,
And all unwisely, in unfettered will,
But feeble wisdom, thought to mount the throne
Omnipotence alone could rightly fill.
To raise rebellion was his sad conceit,
Deeming himself too mighty for defeat.
We know what happened ; and we marvel not
That even angels may misuse free will,
And bring upon themselves the charge of folly,
Forth issuing from their Creator's lips—
The height of folly Lucifer soon reached,
Whilst to deluded followers he preached,
And raised the question—If "*the sons of God*"
Must needs be servitors, what is the worth
Of their exalted pedigree? Must they
Continue in a state that lowers them
Into affinity with earth-born souls?

‘ Oh legions mine ! ’ he said, “ arise and choose
A nobler form of service ! wage, with me,
Rebellious warfare against every law
That bids us to obey where we should rule ! ”
Now comes the problem waiting to be solved,—
Can pride and wisdom *ever* coexist ?
Methinks it cannot be. The warrior’s arm
May wield destructive weapons, and upset
The everlasting hills ; but there’s a power
More conquering still, in Wisdom’s armoury.
And Satan found a stronger than himself
In Michael, Prince of heavenly Wisdom’s hosts,
When in the imbecility of pride,
The Arch-foe thought heaven’s battlements must yield
A ready passage for his impious march.
Oh ! little guessed he of resistless force
Within the reach of Wisdom to invent
Whereby the powers of evil should be slain,
No more to mar Jehovah’s handiwork—
A force created wisdom ne’er conceived,
A sword created arm could never wield.
Recall thy conquering legions, Michael !
The foe is little likely to revive
The bootless strife with thee and faithful hosts
Now taught the secret of resistless might.
And whoso asks “ What may that secret be ? ”
Let him inquire of “ babes and sucklings ” they

Can point him to "the Babe of Bethlehem,"
And tell how He, in his Humility,
Outstripped all heroes save the All Divine,
Being Himself Divine, and knowing how,
To rule as King of Kings by right of deeds
Omnipotence alone could 'eer achieve.
Inferior beings think it mean to serve,
And suffer wrong without retaliation.
Wisdom Divine alone knows how to wield
The sceptre tempered in the coals of fire
That melt the hardest foe. Only the God
Of Love, yea, Love itself, can scale the height
Of that transcending power that Death and Hell
Must flee away from, never more to hope
For triumph o'er God's masterpiece of Love,
To which all principalities and powers
Must bow the knee to all Eternity.

ANGELS WAITING FOR THEIR WINGS.

"Angels waiting for their wings!—"
Hath this earth such beauteous things?—
Ask the parents, in their woe,
Recently awoke to know
Cherubs come, too soon to fly
From our uncongenial sky
To their early-found enjoyments,
Purer realms, and heaven's employments.

Some, in youth's enchanting day,
Gain their wings and flee away :
Lonely mourners left behind
Partial consolation find
In the Word of Life, foreshowing
How the souls, for heaven growing,
Ills to come do thus avoid.
Called to pleasures unalloyed.

Some there are whose Summer prime
Waiteth but the flight of Time
To restoꝝ their faded locks,
Thinned by many cares and shocks
Of a life too much the prey
Of the power that strips away
All their splendours :—yet there springs
Hope for these, of heaven-born wings.

Then, again, there are the old
Waiting till their days be told :
Days that brought them loving hearts
They had won by loving parts
Acted through their lengthened days :—
These strong pinions soon will raise
Upwards through the starry heights,
To the sphere of all delights.

ESCAPE TO THE MOUNTAIN.

Escape to the mountain,
Destruction is nigh !
Oh ! drink of Life's Fountain !
For why will ye die ?

The pestilent vapour
Of Sodom's vile plain
Will blight the escaper
Who yearns to remain.

Flee, flee from Gomorrah—
'Tis fatal to halt ;
Or stay there, in horror,
A pillar of salt !

The wrath of Jehovah
Foul sinners may dare :
But, mercy's day over,
Their end is despair !

Escape, O ye nations !
Wherever ye be
Exposed to temptations.—
Resist and be free ;

Free from the deceptions
That spread o'er the earth
When moral perceptions
Are stifled at birth.

From pleasures ensnaring
 Yet leading to guilt :
From fortunes preparing
 That cannot be built
On honest foundation
 Or equity's base :—
From wild speculation—
 From failure's disgrace.
Escape from the City
 Whose vices ascend—
Its fires, without pity,
 Consume to the end.

DREAMS.

Delighting dreams,
Affrighting dreams,
Which are the more abounding ?
 To me it seems
 That all our dreams
Are more or less confounding.
 The evil liver
 May sometimes quiver
In affluent enjoyment :
 The saintly being
 May be found fleeing
Some hideous employment.

Some dreams 'tis true,
Though very few,
Are realized completely ;
But as for those
That tell of woes,
Best banish them discreetly.
Yet there's a time,
In every clime,
When dreams may be our teachers ;
Then to give heed
Will bring good speed,
When dreams become our preachers.

CHARMING PLAYTHINGS.

The only toy
That makes for joy
And lasts a life,
Is a good wife ;
But don't suppose
Good wives are those
Who would annex
The sterner sex,
Apeing their work,
Their own to shirk,—
Our shrieking sisters
Are fearful blisters.

Wisdom of head,
Lightness of tread ;
In dress not dowdy,
In voice not rowdy ;
Such will delight,
Full many a sprite
Who otherwise might
At a girl take fright.

But if you ask,
What is the task
For those, alas !
Who cannot pass
Such tests as these,
And fail to please,
Because endowed
With gifts less proud ?

Though found less pleasing,
None need be teasing,
Through quitting ranks
That win the thanks
Of all observers
Who value servers
Sweet in their sphere
Skilled and sincere.

One who is dutiful
Ranks with the beautiful ;

None need despair
When all become fair
Whilst true to the sphere
Allotted us here :
Unbridled ambition
Oft ends in contrition ;
Through aiming too high
Many fall ere they fly.

Men like not the flattery
That aims at their battery ;
Seeking to rout them,
And manage without them,
Can there be *management*
Where there's no *man* in it ?
And what is the price that *such* will fetch
When muscular power is at full stretch ?

I KNOW THEIR SORROWS.

I know their sorrows, yet shall not the foe
Of Eden's joyance conquer to the end,
My beauteous first pair, fashioned by my hand
Shall triumph o'er the venom that befouled
Their lovely lineaments. When Sin and Death
Shall be cast out, the Gate of Paradise,
Shall open wide to bid the wanderers home,

And the malignant one shall rue the day,
When, for a little time, his venom'd tooth
Enpoisoned the pure blood of beings made,
But little lower than the angels. I
Will find for them new blood, "which is the life"
Of creatures earthborn, yet endowed with souls
To live immortally. Their Maker's breath
Not fruitlessly on them shall have been breathed,
Children of Adam need not always grieve,
For my Redeeming Son shall dry all tears,
Infusing through their veins His own pure blood
To meeten* them for heaven's unsullied home,
This by myself I swear; for I have seen
Their sorrows, and will well assuage them all,
In my due time, if faith and patience will
But trust my sympathising love, and yield
Their own love offering, the whole I ask
For all my own transcending benefits
For time and for eternity conferred.

INSENSATE DEMOCRACY.

Alas! for the people, no better than fools,
Who have their own way, and make rulers their tools!
'Tis discipline only can benefit States,
And cure the distempers that everyone hates.
An army of stragglers presuming to fight

Without a commander will never affright
The ranks of disorder, rebellion and sin
That banish all peace and let devilry in.
And alas! for the people whom faddists oppress,
Pretending to find for each grievance redress,
As if not a Providence ever was known
Until they arrived with a bit of their own!
Well, if people will have it so, I say no more,
But, sorrowing, wait till they open the door,
For enemies bred in the land of the brave
And fed upon maxims that can but enslave.
Oh! land of my fathers! when will ye perceive
That spouting and voting will never relieve
The State of those pestilent ills that arise
From counting up voters who do not despise
To follow the leader who drives to the lobby
The dupes who will help him to ride his own hobby!
Yes, say black is white, if your party require it,
And remember that one or two geese who desire it
May turn the true scale in your favour, no matter
How much that is *right* to the winds you may scatter.
When Britons lose vigour, forgetting their sires
Who hated lax principles, letting desires
Luxurious and selfish, or even ambitious
Of glory, regardless, however flagitious
The means of obtaining it, let them take heed,
Nor deem that the link between greatness and greed

Can ever be more than a cobweb, too rotten
To hold in security honours ill gotten.
To all who bear rule, this maxim is best
Decide by your conscience, and leave all the rest,
To partisan quibblers, who, spurning the right,
Prove tyrants whom naught but superior might
Can keep in subjection. And thus it is found
That the sway of a conclave where despots abound
Is many times worse than the sway of a king
Who may pause to consider what vengeance may bring
If his cruelty lead him too deeply to sting.

LOAFERS.

What is a loafer? One who feeds
On bread the honest worker kneads
And infamously boasting, pleads
Society must meet the needs
Of those who choose not to be workers.
But let such Socialistic shirkers
Beware of days that may arrive
When such ideas shall cease to thrive,
And men begin to think it meet
That sloth shall have no more to eat
Than offal scraps, till idlers learn
That, with fair work, they yet might earn
Both self-respect and better fare

Than worthless tramps may hope to share.
It cannot be that worthy toilers
Must always yield to such despoilers
Of earth's provisions ; robbing those
Who cannot work, because of woes
Not their own making. More might bless
The really helpless ones, if less
Of harvest wealth were vainly spent
On vagabonds whose sole intent
Is to escape the law of life,
And leave their neighbour all the strife.
Soon may some fashions of our day
And half our "*isms*" pass away,
Till people cease to give a vote
To legislators apt to dote
On schemes that do more harm than good
And still will do, if not withstood.
What a sham Socialist is he
Who cares but little what may be
His neighbour's or his country's fate,
If but of him the mob may prate !
Oh ! British workmen ! once as free
As Britons count themselves to be,
When will ye cease to be the slaves
Of rules that only dig the graves
Of home prosperity and peace ;
As if your wages must increase

Only when Capital shall cease?
Ye need some wiser heads to guide
Your docile band : Let fools decide
But for themselves, and not for you;
When wives and little ones shall rue
A warfare with the stronger foe
Who needs must feel the lesser woe,
Pray ask your Solons where to find
The wages you're to leave behind,
And who shall bury all the dead,
They to the battle-field have led.

A SUMMER SUNSET.

The sunset is glowing,
Pink wavelets are flowing
Over seas that the firmament hides ;
Yet oceans are there
With their freightage so fair
Of seraphs that float on their tides.

Though hidden from sight,
Those beings of light
Illumine our skies with effulgence ;
And lend to the eye
Of the soul that can fly
Beyond earth an enraptured indulgence.

'Tis thus we behold
Heaven's glory of gold,
As in a transparency painted,
And see that above us
Are those who will love us
Till we, in our turn, shall be sainted.

Oh ! well might the seer,
In the wilderness drear,
Cry out for the wings of a dove,
When he saw in the west
The forms of the blest
Afloat on the ether of love !

PEACE.

The secret of peace is peacefulness,
And whoso would have it himself must bless
His sorrowing neighbours with tender care
And sympathy ready their griefs to share :
And when he is tempted by any vexation
To rebuke with an overmuch indignation,
Let him remember the rule of pity,
" Better than he that taketh a city "
Will ever be found the patient soul
Who ruleth himself, and can control
The hasty remark embittered with gall,

So easy to utter, so hard to recall,
When much we would give to blot from the skies
The words or the acts that moistened the eyes
Of those we loved best, no longer here,
To witness our grief for the sensitive tear
We thoughtlessly raised: so let us take heed
Lest the heart of some loved one we cause to bleed
And find, too late, our own peace fled,
That the tears of the living avail not the dead.

CHURCH SHIBBOLETHS.

"High" may go wrong in one direction,
"Low" may transgress in another.
For me the idea of Church perfection
Is simply to welcome as brother
Each soul of man who loves sincerely
Jesus, and follows Him too,
Thinking no sacrifice made too dearly
To prove Him all good, and all true,
The raising of sects is doubtful dealing
Where truth and devotion are found;
We need but the Gospel of Life, revealing
Where God and His Christ may be found,
The combative spirit (except for the right)
Is a hazardous course to steer,

'Tis better to keep fair Peace in sight
Than be led by the "itching ear,"
For that may lead us we knew not where,
And farther astray from the Ark,
Deceiving ourselves with visions fair,
Whilst journeying in the dark.
Our Holy Faith is not divided,
And though offences may come,
All that we need has been provided,
Against increasing their sum.
The Church of England is comprehensive,
Gathering her children in one,
With human sympathies co-extensive
In God's Omnipotent Son.

DIREFUL STATISTICS.

When David his people would number,
His counsellor Joab was grieved—
Why would David his kingdom encumber
With judgments his captain perceived?

For Joab divined that the action
Was prompted, by spirits malign,
To foster the proud satisfaction
That wakens the anger Divine.

He grieved that the will of his master,
Overruled all advice for the best ;
Provoking a threefold disaster
Sword, famine, or death-dealing pest.

The penitent king saw his error,
And, knowing the grace of his God,
Sought of Him the least pitiless terror—
Jehovah's more merciful rod.

Though statistics may sometimes be needful,
And helpful for furthering good,
Our rulers should ever be heedful
That motives corrupt be withstood.

It behoveth the whole of the members
Of kingdoms no less than the king,
To beware of fanning the embers
That a fiery judgment may bring.

All should learn from this terrible story,
Of David's destroying scourge
To avoid every act of vain glory,
That pride may perniciously urge.

SERFDOM OR NOT ?

Does "Britannia rule the waves ?"
And will Britons ne'er be slaves ?
Doubtful boast ! For now we see

Bondage piteous as can be,
Tyrants everywhere abounding,
Ever right and wrong confounding.
“Up with poor!” and “Down with rich!”
Till we know not which is which:
Rules of wisdom swept away,
Pothouse heroes win the day,
On their stony mandates carving,
Rules for working or for starving,
Passing orders homicidal
Heeding not how suicidal
Such may prove when all is finished.
Will Britannia’s wealth diminished
Prove for Trade and Commerce good,
Or help forward brotherhood?
Formerly marauding bands,
Took their trade in their own hands;
Now pernicious conclaves speak,
And in secret chambers sneak,
Framing schemes and tracing out
Plots that honest men would scout.
But the day may yet be near,
Which usurping idlers fear,—
Men who never will succeed,
N’er-do-wells in thought and deed,
Nay, who insolently boast
Their’s the right to rule the roast,

Whilst their neighbour's labour flows
Into channels working woes.
Wives and children well may plead,
"First let scheming tyrants bleed!"
Then, perchance, Britannia's waves
May be rid of abject slaves.

"THE NIGHT COMETH."

Work while 'tis called to-day,
Night cometh on apace,
Cast slothful thoughts away ;
Each duty bravely face,
The more on earth good work you do,
The more in heaven of rest for you!—
Yet only such a rest,
As God's own Sabbath brings ;
And will your soul invest,
With power for loftier things ;
For higher soarings into light,
Outstripping all terrestrial sight.
Oh ! what a sad awaking
Shall be the sluggard's fate,
When wishes for forsaking
Past errors come too late ;
And when the glowing bridal room
Is only seen through outward gloom !

No golden harvest theirs
Who let their tillage ground
Leave space enough for tares
To enter and abound,
With dire remorse will they lament
Their working hours so vainly spent.

“THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.”

Ye workers look on high
And let no time be lost ;
With ceaseless effort try,
No matter at what cost,
To scale the victor's dizzy height
Obscured no more by shades of night.

Your retrospect of joy
Much of its wealth will lose,
If feebly ye employ
The moments ye should use
For working out the worthy acts
The law of righteousness exacts.

Therefore again we say
“Work while 'tis called to-day.”
When the time comes for rest,
They will be doubly blest
Who trample all temptation down
That seeks to dim their sparkling crown.

SAD END OF A SPECULATOR

I *had* been thriving,
I would be thrilling ;
To that end striving,
Lost every shilling !

ACCUSING CONSCIENCE

"It is John whom I beheaded,
He is risen from the dead !"
So spake Herod while he dreaded
Vengeance falling on his head—
Vengeance for the impious revel
That had marked his natal day,
When incited by the devil,
That grand life he swept away.¹
Girlhood's charm awoke the madness
That inflamed the despot's brain ;
Woman's malice seized with gladness
Way to see her censor slain.
Godless vows should be forsaken,
Ere they lead to greater shame ;
Oaths that have been wrongly taken
Rightly forfeit honour's claim.
So away with weak excuses
For the evil deeds of men ;

¹ Matt., xi, 11.

Conscience will avenge abuses,
Erstwhile hid from mortal ken,
Days will come when retribution
Will o'erwhelm the guilty soul,
Left to loathe its own pollution,
Long as racking memories roll.

THE RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE

Oh! Glorious river, flowing with delights
Past all imaginings of fancy's flights!
How pure the bathers where thy wavelets mount,
How blest the quaffers at thy nectared fount!
The eye, how bright! The ear, how well attuned!
The lip from every sprouting discord pruned!
New Eden-flowers perfuming every grove,
Each lawn with amaranthine fabrics wove!
Sight sense and sound all wondrously combined
To fill and overfill the raptured mind!
Oh! for the rippings of thy tuneful waters!
Oh! for the songs of Heaven's harmonious daughters!
Contrast with all this joy the dismal state
Of those who seek to enter—all too late—
Within those concert-halls where every sound
Of harmony celestial shall abound.
Such choice, once offered to the sons of men,
Once only can be made, and only when

By faith and gratitude they seek the Giver
Of all thy flowing bounties Glorious River!

SONG OF THE MORNING STARS

“ He made the stars also.” (Creation’s fourth day)

Ere men of science studied Evolution
The Bible furnished men with such solution
Of Genesis, as fitted human power
To comprehend the wonders of the hour.
But as the ages opened more and more
The eyes of Students, and the hidden lore
Concealed from childhood’s gaze when man was young,
Laid bare evolving links whereupon hung
The wondrous chain of causes and effects
That wisdom’s pupil by degrees detects
In all around. And though, in hardened pride,
Deluded scoffers venture to deride
The Sacred Volume that reveals to man
The origin of things his senses scan,
Teachable Scientists can well perceive
That things we know, and things that we believe,
Are not discordant when true knowledge brings
Into sweet unison the jarring strings
Twix’t infancy and manhood. Thus we find
That many a saintly soul and master mind
Have worshipped Truth at its own fountain-head,

Clear as the crystal from its pebbly bed ;
Accepting Revelation as *one truth*,
Befitting knowledge in its early youth ;
And Science, drawn from deeper springs of Time
A further truth, befitting manhood's prime.
Could the belief that Joshua's Sun stood still
Till foes were overthrown on Gibeon's hill
Have been corrected in the language known
To Scientists of later date alone ?
No ! ancient chroniclers were surely right
To speak of things according to the light
Of those who could not guess how future days
Would readjust perception's dawning rays,
Propounding truths appearing to deny
The plainest facts of their untutored eye.
So works not Wisdom ; and the wise will own
'Tis well to wait for fuller knowledge known
Before too stoutly urging the conviction
That what we see defies all contradiction.
And sceptics of to-day will one day see
That *truth is one*, and cannot disagree
With truth whate'er its outward garb may be.
Now let us to our sacred theme return
And hold sweet converse with the stars that burn,
And as with lamps of heaven illuminate
The shades of night, when our diurnal state
Averts our sphere from the rejoicing face

Of day's bright god, until his genial race¹
Be recommenced in all its giant pride,
Rekindling light and comfort far and wide.
Resplendent orbs! your harmonies prolong,
For human ears the echo of your song!
And are we not permitted to surmise
Ye are the many mansions in the skies
Whereof Creation's Architect declared
Your glowing halls should one day be prepared
For Adam's banished sons returning home
To the Great Father's house, no more to roam
Rebellious outcasts from fair Eden's bowers
Blighted and ruined by Satanic powers.
What joy to think your shining constellations
Have been through all the ages habitations
For souls redeemed by that God of Love
Who quitted, for this earth, His throne above;
Descending to make all things new again,
And cleanse the old creation from its stain,
Well might your raptured anthems fill the sky
With notes of music such as must defy
Our present faculties to estimate,
Or to describe in language adequate!
What joy to think your sacred halls resound
With all the tuneful voices ever found
On earth, commingling in one vocal tide

(¹ Ps., xix'5.)

Too grand for mortal senses to abide !
Well may we deem your countless spheres of light
Are peopled by the spirits passed from night
To realms where night no longer is required
To draw her curtain over natures tired
With toiling cares. The curse no longer smites
God's active ones who gather their delights
In serving Him whose service wearies not,
But makes each duty an inspiring plot
In the New Eden's garden. Thus our God
Hath found a way for banishing the rod
Once so deserved, now laid aside through Him
Who called away the flaming Cherubim.
How little music in a world like this,
Without your teaching, O ye spheres of bliss,
Could have been found had not your joyous singing
Set all the bells of melody a-ringing,
Awaking weird harmonics from each sound
Creation gathers in from all around
So much so that Creation's Lord hath said
If children had not once his worship led
Each animated stone would soon cry out,
As when the sons of God were heard to shout
Their jubilant hosannas. And again
Ye seem to me of golden eyes a train
Piercing the firmament through which to see,
Heaven's lustre in a softened brilliancy,

The joy of all this wondrous universe.
Shine on, ye glittering gems, and fill the verse
Of lyric minstrels through Eternity !
With purest music of fraternity !

OPPOSITES.

Can opposites be reconciled,
Can love and hate be mated ?
Can base and noble well agree,
Insatiate be sated ?
Can greed and generosity,
In the same breast be dwelling ?
Can the unknowable be known
All secrets loudly telling ?
Can light and darkness co-exist,
Illuminating all things ?
Can the gigantic shrink within
The tiniest of small things ?
Can miracles no more return,
To baffle our perceptions ?
Can black and white, and wrong and right
Be nothing but deceptions ?
Chaotic atoms once were called
To set a world in order,
Why then may not the *central* spot
Be equally the *border* ?

Apparent contrarities
Will cease to be so vexing
When wider vision frees the sight
From obstacles perplexing.
The point of view of that famed shield
O'er which true knights once wrangled,
Made, of two opposites, one truth,
From error disentangled.
Thus wisdom counsels modesty
In all our disputation ;
Willing to learn till we arrive
At perfect education.

FORSAKEN

The direst grief, the deepest woe,
The keenest anguish man can know,
The fiercest flames that rage below—
Forsaken !

The word expressing desolation ;
The soul's eternal condemnation ;
The pain defying consolation—
Forsaken !

The forfeit heaven, the purchased hell ;
The foulest pit where reptiles dwell ;

The lake where billows raging swell—
Forsaken !

The word created spirits dread ;
The word that strikes immortals dead ;
The word of horrors never fled—
Forsaken !

What, then, our debt to Him the King,
Who from Gethsemane doth bring,
Redemption from that awful thing—
Forsaken !

For who, as He, hath ever known,
What 'tis to agonise *alone*,
By God, and those professed *His own*—
Forsaken !

The claims of gratitude denied ;
Jehovah's wakened wrath defied ;
Remorse comes ever to abide—
Forsaken !

A thousand suns must set in night ;
When He who gave them all their light
Shall leave them to their endless blight—
Forsaken !

UNAWARES.

Did we but know as we are known,
How many a sigh, how many a groan,
Might we be spared, and spare our neighbour too !
But, like the mole whose buried sight
Discerns but poorly rays of light,
So we but feebly recognise the true.

How little thought the barren dame
To whom in Judah's camp there came
A man who told her she should bear a son,
In strength a giant, yet a child ¹
By faithless Delilah beguiled,
Strongest and weakest, ere his race was run.

The parents of that gifted boy,
To shew their visitor their joy
And gratitude for heaven-bestowed indulgence,
Begged him to share their noontide meal,
Unwitting that he would reveal
An angel's origin in man's effulgence.

Balaam was taken unawares ²
What time, in answer to his prayers,
Jehovah seemed to let him have his way—
"A perverse way" the angel said,
Whilst telling him he had been dead
But for clear-seeing steed who turned astray.

¹ (Judges, xiii).² (Numbers, xxii.)

How sacred History abounds,¹
And so doth secular, with grounds
For entertaining strangers in our tent !
Then wise are they who, in all dealings
One with another guard their feelings
Against each word or deed one must repent.

When two disciples of the Lord,
Conversed of Him, in sad accord,²
Deeming their resurrection hopes had failed,
Because the third expected day,
Seemed to be leaving them a prey
To disappointment, they were strangely hailed

By One who sought to know their grief,
And sought but to afford relief,
By opening the Scriptures, till their hearts
Within them burned at being taught,
All that concerned the truth they sought
Better to comprehend in all its parts.

They went rejoicing on their road
Gratefully offering their abode,
For shelter, since 'twas evening, and the day,
Was now far spent ; and He became
Their guest, the better to proclaim,
How their Good Lord had met them in the way.

¹ (Heb. xiii, 2.)² (Luke, xxiv, 13, 14.)

SLANG.

Begone! ye reptile words that poison speech!
'Tis surely time that School-Boards wake and teach
The slumbering senses of their scholars lawfully,
And cease to falsify such words as "awfully,"
Feeding the brood of vulgarisms dear
To those whose A B C were never clear.
The myriad words that Lexicons contain,
Are wilful waste imprinted but in vain,
If brainless fops may foolishly deface
Their well-known lineaments, and add grimace,
To learning's polished features. Woe the day,
When good old English words shall pass away,
And authors find their mother tongue deficient,
For clothing all their thoughts. Deem not proficient.
The scribe or speaker who must interlard
His words with foreign loans, in disregard
Of his own wealthy tongue, which should convey,
Whate'er is worthy to transcribe or say.
Oh! Foolish cant! Of Church and State the curse!
When shall we follow to the grave thy hearse,
And see thee safely silenced neath the soil,
No more our common sanity to spoil!

CHIMERAS.

What once were chimeras
Have since became eras,
So do not be sceptical.

Whatever is natural
Has oft become rational,
So never despair.

Some things that are frightful
May change to delightful,
So lend them thine aid.

Our pleasure and troubles
Are fleeting as bubbles,
And explode in the air.

Yet their recollection
May lead to perfection
Of joy, if well used.

In seeking for beauty
Be mindful of duty,
And thou shalt succeed.

Whatsoever our aiming,
Be it ever proclaiming,
A loving intent.

No self-seeking faddist
May hope to be gladdest,
When motives are weighed.

The really desirable
Is always acquirable,
 With patience for worker
 And no one a shirker.

RANK PRIDE.

Wisest of frogs was he
Who burst himself to be
A bull in bulky state,
Fit comrade for the great—
Was he so wise? you, smiling, ask,
To undertake such hopeless task?

Decidedly, I say,
And would that every day,
Some frog that apes the grand
Might learn to understand
How small a modicum of rank
Attaches to a swollen bank.

Don't ask "My Lord" to dinner,
'Twill make thy balance thinner,
Returning but contempt
For thy forlorn attempt
To be a greater personage
Than that assigned thee on life's stage.

Oh! hopeless little frog,
Why did you leave your bog,
When *natural selection*,
Or *mythical confection*
Might have made thee a *ninotaur*
A toad behind, a bull before!

But ninotaurs we see
Can scarcely hope to be,
In this prosaic age,
The creatures to engage
The world's astonished admiration,
Or raise your status in creation.

And yet your wise ambition,
To better your condition,
Achieves some little good,
If but your swelling brood
Be taught to grace their lowly fate,
Till called by worth to loftier state.

Ever the master mind,
His fitting sphere will find
Without the aid of rank,
Or money in the bank:
But then these rising ones are born
With parts the titled will not scorn.

WEEDS AND STUBBLE.

Weeds and stubble make the trouble
Of this fair Creation,
Until the happy day when they
Shall pass in conflagration.

There is no need to sow their seed,
For theirs is life spontaneous :
'Tis ours to kill, with sternest will
Their ugly shoots extraneous.

They shock the sight, the scent affright,
And make us wish for roses
When, seeking flowers in Eden's bowers,
The nettle interposes.

Yet man may learn, ere these things burn
To cultivate things fairest ;
Till future joy, without alloy,
Shall decorate the barest.

The weed decays, the stubble stays,
But neither lasts for ever :—
Creation's woe must surely go,
Again to plague us never.

Then be it ours to cherish flowers
Through all our life's probation ;
They gild the hours of human powers,
And mitigate vexation.

Root up the weeds with all their deeds
And burn the noisome stubble ;
Then will delight be at its height
And all more free from trouble.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND FISHES, WITH SOME
OF THEIR WISHES.

Birds, beasts and fishes met one day,
And all had very much to say
About their sufferings 'neath the skies,
Which, from their destiny arise.

The goose would know the reason why
She cannot warble in the sky
Like the conceited little lark
That soars to heaven from pond or park.

The fox, while living by his wits,
Complained aloud how ill it fits
With his condition, that the hound
Should scent him out when prowling round
For farm-yard produce running loose,
Or even courting madame goose.

The shark was also much upset
Whilst floundering in a fishing net,
And all because voracious man
So interferes with Nature's plan.

Then birds and beasts and fishes all

Assembled in their Council-hall,
Composed of twigs, and shells, and caves,
Somewhere between the ocean waves
And Ether's vaulted roof on high,
To settle how they might defy
All the encroachments on their right,
And put their many foes to flight.

And first they voted to the chair
A Mammoth, bidding him beware
Of too much weight in planning schemes
That some denounce as idle dreams.
This wise advice, however, failed
To please progressives, who bewailed
The absence of some pretty creature
Of modern form and lovely feature
To charm the audience with her wit,
Afloat, if disinclined to sit.

Straightway was voted to the chair
That lovely mermaid, Miss La Mer.
The scaly, taily presidentrice
Agreed to serve as an apprentice,
To learn the origin of man,
And find out if one really can,
Why he's so fond of turning hunter
Till turtles dread the name of Gunter.¹

Here a debater deemed it best

¹ A celebrated cook, confectioner, and turtle-dresser, of London.

Not to be personal, e'en in jest.
And so the questioning proceeded
In form that showed the hint was heeded.
One speaker thought that vegetarians
Ere long would supersede barbarians.
But *this*, not being in debate,
'Twas ruled that to their natural fate
Offenders should be left till they,
In turn should find themselves a prey
For some half-famished blameless beast,
Scouring the plain to find a feast.

And now right merrily began
A business-like attack on man.
One bird, one animal, one fish
Came forth to represent the wish
Of the whole socialistic tribes,
And thus commenced the angry gibes.

'Tis man, we know, who kills the goose,
And serves her up with apple juice.
And man it is who kills the fox,
Then casts him off to eat an ox.

Next, the attention of the meeting
Was turned from points of vulgar eating ;
Though it is difficult to say
If 'tis less vulgar to betray
A jealousy of gifts or features
Accorded to our fellow-creatures ;

Since food must everywhere be taken,
Whilst pride should ever be forsaken,
Because it ruins all contentment,
And fosters only vile resentment,
With all the evils that destroy
Heart-goodness, while it poisons joy.
The presidentrice here suggested
That any member interested
In these deep questions should be heard,
If anxious to throw in a word,

So first, a cackling bird was cited
To say what made her so excited
About the lark, whose lovely voice
And heaven-ward flight made all rejoice,
When Music needs the sounds discordant
To give a zest to sounds concordant ;
And, as to wings for reaching heights
Wherein the soaring lark delights :
What, if the lark began to pout
Because she was not fitted out
For sailing o'er the placid lake,
And in its wave her thirst to slake ?

Then spake the all-observant fox,
" I must confess it greatly shocks
My sense of wisdom to waste breath
On small affairs :—to flee from death
When threatened by the farm police

Of men and dogs, is all my care ;
Because I reckon it quite fair
That those who live by deeds of cunning
Should also be adepts at running."

Then came the somewhat flustered shark,
Looking as if, like Noah's ark,
He could accommodate Creation
In chambers suffering from vacation ;
He said " When hungry, seeking prey
In Nature's own appointed way,
Why doth man, boasting of his reason,
Yet condescend to such high treason
Against humanity's first law
Of mercy, and in savage hate
My agonizing jaws to bait
With cruel and inhuman tricks,
Torturing me with red-hots bricks,
And any other devilry
That may enhance his revelry?—
Think it not strange if I should sheath
In man my double rows of teeth !"

He paused, and then in angry mood
Bird, beast and fish, and reptile brood
Made vows of punishment condign
For lovers of the gun and line
Remorselessly inflicting pain
For the mere love of sport or gain.

Adjournment, to some future day,
Then followed, and all went their way.

INFLUENCE.

Use all your influence purely ;
None are without it, surely,
All may exert it for good,
Ever for good.

Use ever your influence sweetly,
And see that it shine discreetly,
Never suggestive of ill,
Never of ill.

Influence works like leaven,
Raising the spirit towards heaven,
Better than rules,
Talkers and schools.

SUICIDE.

“ Let patience have her perfect work,”
Beware of suicide,
Think not life's ills by death to shirk,
But wait the turning tide.

It may be bringing thee some good,
From which thou would'st not flee ;
If the whole truth were understood,
Who would impatient be ?

One truth, at least, may all receive,
While reasoning powers remain,
For those who in their God believe,
The loss can turn to gain.

Each suffering may pass away,
And in a moment vanish,
'Twere surely wiser here to stay,
Before relief we banish.

Our dark despair, our deed of haste,
May cause a tenfold sorrow,
On waking to deplore the waste,
That threw away the morrow.

Better, a thousand times, to wait ¹
No holy mandate scorning,
Though sad at night may be the state,²
"Joy cometh in the morning."

"MY MEDITATION OF HIM SHALL BE
SWEET." (Ps. civ. 34.)

Can it be anything but sweet,
To think of Him in whom we meet,
With all things pleasant, all things pure
All we have loved and may endure
Throughout Eternity ?

¹ "Thou shalt do no murder" (Decalogue).

² Ps. xxx., 5.

Let meditation then be found,
Feeding on raptures that abound,
Without a blemish or an end,
Such as from heaven alone descend
And last eternally.

The loveliest scenes that charm the eye ;
The rising sun, the starry sky ;
The sweetest sounds that greet the ear
The honied scents—yea, all things dear—
Be these my meditation :
But first and last my God shall claim,
My worship of His matchless fame,
As giver of each glorious thing
That teacheth mortals how to sing,
His praise without cessation.

THE PRIDE OF INTELLECT.

Oh, Lucifer ! What fall was thine,
From that bright seat where thou didst shine,
As Chief of God's angelic band,
Endowed by thy Creator's hand
With every gift thou could'st receive,
Except the wisdom to perceive,
How vain to aim at wider sway,
For one created to obey

His bounteous King ! Oh, fatal dream !
Oh, direful wish ! to reign supreme,
Hoping the highest throne to gain,
And even o'er thy Maker reign !
O'er Him who raised thee to a throne,
Highest in heaven, save His own !

Hast thou indeed the glory found,
Of seeking to be highest crowned—
The King of heaven, from service free,
Although thy service fitted thee,
“Son of the Morning” to be named,
And thereupon to be proclaimed
Chief of the beings who adore,
Thy God and theirs for evermore ?
And hast thou found, as ¹ “Prince of Hell”
Vocation suiting thee as well,
As peaceful worship with the blest,
Who keep their first estate and rest,
Contented with a Father's love,
The life and light of powers above ?

Could'st thou have known the ruling power
Of love and meekness, which endower
Created souls so high to rise,
As lords of all things 'neath the skies,
Could'st thou have guessed that God's own Son,

¹ Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.”

Would stoop an earthly race to run
And teach how loftiest power is won,
Would'st thou have yielded to the pride,
That asked the Highest to decide,
On leaving His eternal glory,
To rule such creatures as adore thee?
Ah! little didst thou know that all
Created thrones are doomed to fall
Before the One Eternal Throne
Of Him who rules by Love alone!
Lacking that knowledge, thou didst let
Thy restless temper fume and fret,
Until thy diadem of worth
Fell to the dust of squalid earth,
And left thee, all too late, to learn
How sad from fealty to turn.

Yet, is it so? Will naught atone?
Must fallen angels always moan
In suffering from eternal thunder
Evoked by Evil's woful blunder?
May life and pardon yet be reached
By those to whom the Saviour preached¹
In thy dark shades of wild despair,
Where cries of anguish rend the air?
And is it that there comes no day
When death and hell shall flee away?

¹ The Spirits in prison.

Hath not the Father's matchless grace
Reserve of power to efface
The works of Evil from His sight,
And in some new-born Realm of Light
His conquering attributes enshrine
In Mercy's Temple, all divine ?

What thinkest thou of Eden's blight,
Thine own contrivance taking flight,
Before the Sun of Righteousness,
Arising Heaven and earth to bless ;
And destined to rid every clime
Of ills that cursed the days of Time ?

Since Lucifer hath felt the rod
Of Him he mocked—as " Son of God "—
The day of wrath would he prolong?
Or rather seek to join the throng
Of those who chant the endless song,
" Worthy the Lamb that once was slain "
The highest of all heights to gain !

The power of Love shall weaken never
" The Prince of Peace " must triumph ever !

AERIAL SHIPS.

Oh what a wonderful creature is man !

He has rigged out a ship to sail in the air !

Since ever the law of "Mechanics" began
This marvel hath challenged his diligent care.

He hath triumphed at last : we may book for the skies,
And, like little dickey-birds, joyfully rise,
To call on the classes above us, and shew
We are not such contemptible people below.

But let us beware, ere we travel with wings,
That our clothing be padded, our packages light,
Because to let tumble ourselves or our things
Would be to create such an awful affright

For peaceful pedestrians doomed to partake
Whatever may drop from a bountiful sky:
County governors now must surely awake
Or ever their slaughtered constituents die.

Let us think for a moment what merciful rules
Will be needed to save us by day and by night,
From careless or criminal handling of tools
Not merely two-edged, but murderous quite.

Guns, pistols and dynamite, baskets of game,
No less than consignments of shop-keepers' wares
Would carry destruction wherever they came,
And who could escape from such terrible snares?

These horrors by day—and how, in our beds,
To pass in the land of the living a night?

What staggering bumps would resound on our leads
And render our house-tops a pitiful sight !

O wise county councillors ! here is your task—
Ye don't like monopolies ; scatter them all
Save those that the faddists suggestively ask
To further your aims so progressively tall.

For surely 'tis time that some regulation
Be made in the matter of clipping the wings
Of "up-to-date" creatures whose wild agitation
Would shatter the poles, were they frangible things.

May we hope that, ere long, the wisdom of old
That guided philosophers seeking to learn
What might be dross, and what might be gold,
To our puzzled earth may in mercy return.

If reason be parted with, how shall the man
Continue to hold his high place as a creature
Deserving the praises with which we began
To laud him respecting this high-flying feature ?

The humbler creation of birds, beasts and fishes
Make no such mistake, supposing it wise,
To waste their fine instincts pursuing vain wishes,
And seeking their solids in vapoury skies.

Moral

Inventors of improvements should take heed
Lest their inventions should improving need.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

(Col. iv. 1.)

The ancient order changeth,
Yet doth not pass away
For God, the Lord, arrangeth
That all the best shall stay :
The chaff departs before the wind,
The golden grain remains behind.
'Tis thus with selfish masters
Who seek but their own wealth,
And heed not the disasters
That wreck their servants' health.
Masters and servants there must be,
But change of places we shall see.
The "first and last" are moving
Each to the other's seat ;
While Justice, wrong reproving
Ordaineth what is meet.
First shall be last, and last shall rise
To loftier service in the skies.
Creation's Master stoopeth
And takes the lowest place,
That whosoever droopeth
May lift his radiant face,
And see the Master's crown of state
Prepared for those who meekly wait.

Away with all complaining
That fosters bitter strife ;
The tyrants' evil reigning
Hath but a fleeting life.
And masters who withhold the right
Soon cease to revel in their might.

A CHAT WITH HONEST DOUBTERS.

Silence thy questions, doubter ; wait in infancy's
meekness ;

Vainly would babes of a span
Measure their powers with a man :
All must serenely abide the days of infantile weakness ;
Days of superior strength
May be expected at length.

How can we yet comprehend the things that baffle
conception,

Seeing how slowly we grow
Wonders around us to know ?
Only a wag could suggest mathematics for infant
reception—

What could the infant gain ?
What but a watery brain ?

Therefore, mystified doubter, part with your sceptical
notion ;

Hastiness only defeats
Progress by risky conceits.

Are we not all very poor in things that make for
devotion.

Ours is a dark alphabet
Known but a little as yet.

Note.—This little sketch responds to a question recently raised about hexameters and pentameters, and their suitability for English verses. The Author derives no pleasure therefrom ; but that is no valid reason why, if more skilfully treated (as they have been across the Atlantic) such metres should fail to be pleasing.

THE AUTHOR

GREAT BRITAIN, GREATER STILL.

Britain the Great ! And wherefore great ?
Because she is the Great King's gate
Through which the nations yet unborn
Shall pass to hail the radiant morn
That ushers in the promised birth
Of the New heavens and New earth.

Old things are fleeting from the face
Of Christ the Victor :—all things base,
All things cruel and all things vile
All things that have prevailed erstwhile
To carry evil through the world
Must from creation now be hurled.

Who prophecies such glorious things?—
Consult the yet vibrating strings
Of David's harp that, day by day,
In England's Temples wakes the lay
Extolling Zion's holy hill¹
Set the whole earth with joy to fill.

Let but old Albion's race revere
The Ark of God, and hold it dear,
Dearer than mines of golden wealth,
Purer than gales of purest health.
Then England's greater joy shall be
To carry joy from sea to sea.

'Tis true we are not yet so free,
As earth's reforming hosts should be,
From moral blemishes that weaken
The king, the priest, likewise the deacon :
Yet that is but a reason why
To be much better all should try.

¹(Ps : xlviii. 2)

Can any better way be known
The powers of evil to dethrone
Than to be led by Wisdom's rules
Which should be taught in all our schools?
Then let each warrior take the field,
And teach each rising foe to yield.

NONSENSE VERSES.

At school our "nonsense verses" paved the way
For gems of sense that since have met the day,
Proving to unsophisticated eyes
How great things out of little ones may rise.
This was the method at an ancient school
Where wits of all sorts sat upon the stool
And poured upon the desk their attic strains,
Some of them like to last while Time remains.
The hopeful boys, whose ears were not too long,
Mentally marked the paces of their song;
Others called in the aid of their ten digits,
And, counting wrong, caused most distressing fidgets
To their preceptors, none too well prepared
For sufferings we all hoped to be spared.
But such are merely stumblings on the road
Of climbing youths that enter the abode
Where Muses dwell, and welcome to their bowers
The souls that love and emulate their powers.

Hereby 'tis shewn how Poets laureate
Have blossomed forth, and still may floreate.
And now a word to the reviewing gentry
Sometimes too zealous found for standing sentry
To bar intruders whom they may suppose
Must needs be sent to cool in arctic snows.
'Tis sad to prophesy unless we know
Without a doubt which way the wind may blow.
Think how ridiculous to waste Jove's thunder
And then to find one's verdict all a blunder !
How many a rampant critic learns, too late,
That damaging reviews betraying hate,
Have brought the author readers fairly bent
On judging for themselves the scribe's intent.

“THE LORD SHALL REJOICE IN HIS
WORKS.” (Ps. civ. 31.)

What God rejoiceth in is good,
As will be one day understood.
Impatient sceptic ! cease to rail ;
If thou could'st see within the veil
Perforce thou also must rejoice
And in hosannas raise thy voice.

Can'st thou suppose Jehovah's might
That out of darkness called the light,
Would tolerate a blemished thing,

Unless from out of it to bring
Abounding good to satisfy
The soul of man beneath the sky ?

Oh man ! the masterpiece of God,
Believe in Him ! and kiss the rod,
Thine own transgressions merited,
And left thee disinherited
Until the day of restitution
Shall cleanse the earth from all pollution.

Can'st thou suppose God would allow
His own dear Son in flesh to bow
To all the woes of human kind,
A remedy for sin to find,
Unless that agonising cost
Should rescue souls from being lost ?

Repent, and seek the Father's face ;
In His rejoicing take thy place ;
For He designed that thou should'st share
His joy in all things pure and fair.
Be not again the Tempter's prey,
But unto Eden wing thy way.

The golden gates are open wide ;
The flaming sword is laid aside :—
By all pure pleasures of the past,

By all thy hopes of joys to last,
Secure thy second day of grace,
Accept its terms, and run the race.

The victor's crown shall then be thine,
The life of bliss, the life divine,
The life that follows retribution
And yields for every doubt solution.
So shall thy Maker joy in thee
Amongst his works eternally.

ENDURING LOVE.

The glowing love some natures feel
Is like the heavenly-tempered steel
That suffers not a passing breath
Exhaled from life, or e'en from death,
To settle on its lustrous face
Beyond a momentary space.

Genial by day, and in the night
Of deepest gloom a shining light,
Reviving sorrow's drooping eyes
With joy-beams shot from lovelier skies,
Where all true-loving souls combine
To form a region all divine.

Rejoice, ye severed loves, to know
Ye still are visited below
By sister spirits once your own,
Though now to mystic distance flown:
Their's is the day, and yours the night,
Till you and they and day unite.

“THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESS-
ING.” (Ezekiel, xxxv. 26.)

(To one contemplating self-destruction).

Beneath the skies no woes arise
That cannot end in blessing;
The present wrong may pass, ere long,
And work its own redressing.
Then why despair, thou child of care?
Think not of self-destruction,
Patiently wait the bettered state
That comes from faith's instruction.
Fiends will deride the suicide
Who hastes to fly from sadness;
They understand how near at hand
Was the long-hoped-for gladness.
Pause on the brink! oh pause and think
How keen would be thy sorrow,
Led to destroy the wealth of joy
Awaiting thy “to-morrow.”

"I SHALL GIVE THEE THE HEATHEN FOR
THINE INHERITANCE." (Psalm 118.)

Of all "good news" this is the best ;
It carries joy from east to west ;
From north to south it speaks of peace,
When hate shall die, and warfare cease.

Oh, what a garden of delights
This earth shall be, when shameful sights
Shall be effaced, no more to rise
In fearful forms before our eyes.

The hater of all loveliness
Who made our world a wilderness,
Himself hath tasted of the seed
He sowed to make Creation bleed.

His thorny brambles shall be burnt
Till seed and sower shall have learnt
How thorns by Wisdom may be led
To deck the coroneted head
Of Christ, the Victor over ill,
Who, by his love, shall triumph still.

Before that whilom bleeding brow,
Now kingly crowned, all worlds must bow,
Of things in heaven, and earth, and sea,
And whatsoever things may be.

Now speedeth on the blissful time
When from the earth's remotest clime
Pœans shall rise His praise to sing
Whom all the nations own as king.

Where shall the heathens then be found ?
The Great Redeemer's throne around !
No longer legions serving sin,
But Christ's own freemen gathered in,

And sealed in ranks of bright array,
To drive the evil powers away.
And when the Son shall take command
The keys of kingship he will hand

To God, the Father, All in all,
And, as a Son, before Him fall.
Then Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Shall muster their triumphant host

The Arch-destroyer to enchain,
To rid the universe of pain ;
All slaying Death himself to slay
And crown Transcending Love with bay.

SPIRIT DOMINATING MATTER (Genesis, I. 2.)

Primeval water on its waveless bed,
Lay dark and motionless until there came,

A breathing influence impalpable ;
It raised a ripple first, and then a wave,
That marked a living presence stirring up,
Silent lethargic depths, till billowy sounds,
Spoke of the coming hurricane's approach ;
And then the ¹ breath of Deity set loose,
Resistless powers that struck the quivering rocks,
And kindled sparks that lighted up the land,
From pole to pole ; heralds of sun and moon,
And all the glowing orbs resplendently
In new-born lustre driving night away
To take its turn with day upon the earth,
But just evoked from chaos, spirit fine,
Yet moulding matter into myriad forms,
And ruling all with its despotic force,

Henceforth material forces must bow down
To that mysterious power which governs life—
Yea, calls it into being—so that man
May learn, when he would worship, where to find,
The One True God, who, being Spirit, seeks
To be adored in spirit and in truth ;
And will accept no mere materialist
Bringing unhallowed incense to His shrine,

Through all the centuries earth's history,
Proclaims this truth of Spirit's majesty,
Controlling all. If rocks are to be rent,

¹ "The Spirit of God" (Genesis, I., 2.)

Or mountains moved, unaided matter fails ;
But, strengthen it by the terrific might
Of spirit in explosion, and 'tis done :
Spirit's supremacy is fully proved,
Leaving the proud materialist to say,
Why matter, if indeed the All-in-all,
Should flee before the blasts of unchained winds,
And yield to air invisible its being.
Yet matter into which hath been infused,
The breath of God becomes "a living soul"¹
Immortal as its Maker. Solemn fact!—
To be believed, or else disproved—and who,
However, wishing it, disproof can find ?
But happier souls wish immortality,
And thankfully accept the heaven-born gift,
Though chequered with this life's vicissitudes ;
They bear heroically the passing grief,
Believing in the future's endless joy ;
Their spirit life equips them for the strife
From which, as "more than victors" they emerge.
In matter's mould, they put their armour on.
In spirit's majesty, they lay it down,
Nor would they wish to miss a joy so great.

If it be asked "From whence that calm belief?"
The Sacred Oracles will yield response ;
For they are destined to survive the shock,

¹ Genesis, II., 7.

Of Time in ruins, and give fullest proof
That what they taught and prophesied is Truth.
But as the question "How can these things be?"
Is not yet silenced, it may be as well
To turn more pages of the Holy Book,
Yea, and some pages, too, of History ;
For earth's affairs to-day are not so bare
Of facts corroborating Sacred Lore.
From every source of knowledge we perceive
That all things "lovely and of good report,"
And all things pure, transcending and sublime
Come down from heaven, and must to heaven return,
Since feet of clay ¹ find no admittance there,
But only spirit-wings in golden sheen.
Further, in Jewish history we read,
How Syria's warring hosts were put to rout,
Not by the sword, but by a panic-breath,
As unsubstantial as the passing breeze,
Yet working like the most destructive power.
In English history, too, we have the tale,
Of Spain's armada scattered by the breath
Of winds tempestuous, not seen, but felt
By Britain's foes o'erthrown by Britain's God.
Again, upon the day of Pentecost,
A rushing mighty wind, with tongues of fire,

¹ Daniel II., 34.

Both spiritual agents, wonders worked
Attested by assembled witnesses,
Amazed to find that untaught lips could speak
In foreign tongues, divergent and unknown
Until the Spirit's miracle prevailed,
Each barrier of strangeness to remove.
Then spake the preacher, and three thousands souls,
Found their way back from error's devious paths.
Thus all our chronicles, or new or old,
Teach how invincible is spirit-power ;
A voice it is that shall awake the dead,
And pour into their ears the speech of heaven.

But we are mindful that misguided men,
In sacrilegious arrogance usurp
The Holy Spirit's attributes, and dare
Assert that our Redeemer left on earth,
A man ordained His Vicar. Then, at least,
Such man should now be known as Peter was,
When his converting sermon stirred the Church,
As hath not since been known. When shall we see,
The wondrous gifts of Peter's day restored,
And exercised by our evangelists ?
They do not yet vaunt such apostleship
But are content if they can turn a soul,
From ways of sin to paths of righteousness.

THE ONLY VICAR OF CHRIST.

There is no Vicar of our risen Lord
Save the Third Person of the Trinity,
And sacerdotal orders ceased to be,
With the One Offering on Calvary.
Thus saith St. Paul, who, of all men, would seem
Best fitted for apostleship vicarious,
Since by the Master's voice expressly sent
With tidings of the better covenant
Sealed with the life-blood of the Paschal Lamb
That rent the veil of carnal ordinance,
And to the view of all believing souls
Revealed the way of access to their God.
Hebrew of Hebrews, that exalted man
Of fiery zeal for truth, might surely claim,
Yet did not, lordship o'er the Christian Church ;
Rather, in penitence for impious rage
That he mistook for holy, see him now
Self-styled of all his fellow-workers least,
Because while they were blessing, he was found
Cursing the new-born Church, and calling down
Coercion from the skies. From that day forth
The direst foe became the dearest friend
Of Christians whom he thought to overthrow,
But by the holy Spirit's influence
Established on a rock of permanence

Ablaze with dazzling light of miracle
That cast him to the earth, and, with him, all
Pretentious pomp and zeal but misapplied,
Forbidding Gospel light that comes direct
From Christ's true Vicar, God the Holy Ghost,
The only safe Expounder of the Word
Himself had penned to light a darkened world.
Our open Bible is no heathen fetish—
Here are your teachers, men of Galilee¹
And this same Jesus, for a time ascended,
Shall come again as ye have seen Him go.
And now the Holy Ghost fulfils the promise,
"Lo! I am with you to the end of Time."
Taking the things of Christ, He shows them to us—
Thus, he that searcheth Scripture may be taught
In all things appertaining unto Life;
And this, without forsaking means of grace,
Or slighting holy guides that point the way
To Zion's City and "the many mansions there."

¹ Acts i. 11.

"THE HAVEN WHERE THEY WOULD BE,"¹

¹ Psalm cvii.

The haven where they would be
Escaped from the raging sea,
Life's voyagers may find,

And leave their woes behind,
If from their ship they will but cast
Pernicious freight and broken mast.

The haven where they would be
God-loving souls shall see,
Rejoicing in the power
That bids the tempest lower,
Yet sends a Pilot strong to save
And pacify each angry wave.

The haven where they would be
From all past peril free ;
Oh ! doubly are they blest
Who find so calm a rest,
After the turbulence and strife
That make the tossings of our life.

ARROGANCE REPROVED.

Can anything, not self-created,
Be ever decently elated
At qualities its Maker lent
When into being it was sent ?
Was ever sun or constellation
Known to indulge in ostentation
Such as degrades humanity
When bowing down to vanity ?

Lords of Creation ! Oh, how grand !
Ladies of fashion ! Oh, how bland !
Although the birds and beasts and fishes
Supply your robes, and serve your dishes,
Your humble subjects these ! And yet
Would any one of them forget
They are but creatures of an hour ;
And would they plan for rank and power
To be achieved, no matter how
Before to destiny they bow ?
What time for pride hath fleeting man,
And what excuse, in life's brief span
For arrogance of any sort
In creatures, like the fishes, caught
In evil net, however bright
Their scales in phosphorescent light ?
Chill vapours all, beneath the sky ;
No warmth of life can they supply
When comes the final gasping breath,
And all proud vauntings end in death.

INVISIBLE POWER.

There's an etherial master-power
Controlling all creation,
Alike the creatures of an hour,
And beings of duration.

It baffles thought, eludes the eye,
 Yet to the ear it speaketh ;
Rending the firmament on high,
 When Ether ether seeketh :

It whispers peace in Music's notes,
 Roars hate in War's commotion ;
On breath of love its warbling floats,
 The source of sweet devotion :

It needeth no external aid
 To set fond hearts a-glowing ;
It lighteth upon man and maid
 A deathless love bestowing :

Its subtle influence is felt
 In manner unexpected :
Makes liquids harden, solids melt,
 And rocks in air projected :

And when in vacancy there sails
 A universe of wonder,
This is the power that then prevails
 To keep the poles asunder ;

Else would they sink in fiery wreck,
 Embracing in extinction,
And leave behind an ashy speck
 Defying all distinction.

Whoso would have this spirit-gift
Must learn, from Wisdom's pages,
Pure grain from blighted chaff to sift,
And sit among the Sages.

Moreover, to work safely here,
One must beware of blending
Discordant elements of fear
That waken woe past mending.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

Judah's King, and Sheba's Queen
Choicest spirits ever seen !
Noble was the regal meeting
Wit and wealth in happy greeting ;
Rarest treasures of the earth
Products of surpassing worth
In the dazzling cavalcade
All were royally displayed,
Fitting present for a king
Whose just praise the nations sing :
Kindred spirits must have been
Wisest king and wittiest queen.

How the matchless pair agreed,
In their chronicles we read.
Though the latter was provided

With hard tests, she soon subsided,
Spirit failing, bosom panting
At the sight and sounds enchanting,
Which that wondrous man alone
Had acquired from every zone.
All delighted was the fair one,
With her visit to that rare one :
He, no doubt, was also charmed
With a lady so well armed :
Wisdom's shafts flew steadily ;
Questions answered readily,
Such as witty souls employ,
Bent on giving mutual joy.
Who can wonder at the treasure
That admiring friends should measure,
Each for each, in parting token
Witnessing esteem unspoken.
Whilst, beneath earth's leaden skies
Fades the sunshine from our eyes.

“WHO IS SO GREAT A GOD AS OUR GOD?”

(Ps. lxxvii. 13.)

What heathen deity was ever known
So far to condescend from his high throne
As to consult a subject of his realm

Before determining to overwhelm
Corrupted rebels in their impious race,
As Abraham witnessed in Sodom's case?
Who could conceive of such a consultation,
Ever permitting of expostulation—
"Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"
May man say this to God, without affright?
O hardy pleader! mortal over bold?
Yet not so, for thy faithfulness of old
Had raised thee to the ¹friendship of thy King,
And hence the secret of this wondrous thing
That God would spare the Cities of the Plain,
Did but the fifth of thy first plea remain
To rank as righteous. The redeeming ten
Could not be found to save their fellow men.
Still, such a miracle of condescension
As God displayed surpasses comprehension.
"Who is so great a God as ours?" And why?
Surely because none other could comply
With even a friend's request, when in frustration
Of righteous judgment on a sin-steeped nation.
Will any dare to say such power and grace,
Can be surpassed within the bounds of space?
Only transcending power could hold a throne
In safety after such forbearance shown,
As would allow a subject to gainsay,

¹ James ii. 23.

Or try to modify a kingly sway:
Concession would be weakness in all those,
Not strong enough to subjugate all foes.

“ONE STAR DIFFERETH FROM ANOTHER
STAR IN GLORY.” (1 Cor. xv. 41.)

The stars are not of equal glory ;
Some are to fall to earth
(As is declared in Sacred Story)
When the New heavens take birth.

And other stars will still be glowing
When night hath fled away ;
Each one a sun, the light bestowing
Of everlasting day.

E'en now, perchance, those shining spheres
Are peopled with the blest,
In mansion-realms whose ether cheers
Departed souls at rest.

The teeming sons of Adam's race,
Where shall their seat be found
If not within the endless space
Where other worlds abound !

No wonder that Eolian lays
From your bright orbs descended,

Ye stars of morning, when your praise
In joyous hymns ascended.

The echo of your music fell
In harmony sublime,
To bless man's dwelling with a spell
That shall outlive all time.

Sing on, ye glowing constellations,
Till Heaven and Earth accord
In purest tones of adoration,
To bless Creation's Lord.

Then shall all sounds of discord cease
To jar upon the ear ;
The stars may differ, yet shall peace
Attune each varying sphere.

FAR AWAY.

Far away in the night-time my spirit had flown
To awake in the midst of a region unknown :
There was nothing but harmony floating around
And filling each sense with its exquisite sound.
That this was the land of the endlessly blest
I instinctively knew, and felt so at rest,
That I lost all idea or symptom of want,
For all was at hand that heaven could grant ;
No desire unfulfilled, no faculty felt

Deficient of joy where all joyances dwelt.
Then I thought that for ever such bliss I should share
As Paradise yielded Earth's Primitive Pair
Who were strangers to sorrow, and knew not a care.
So I gave myself up to the keenest enjoyment,
Till arose just one want—the want of employment :
For there came to my mind my former estate ;
And the faces of friends half-forgotten of late—
Then methought it were time to behold them again
And to aid their escape from the regions of pain.
At that moment a sunbeam revealed to my sight
A being seraphic, resplendently bright,
Who smiled on my project less selfish to be
Than to cease from endeavours earth's dwellers to free
From some of the many distractions and ills
That embitter the chalice our destiny fills.

Then said the seraph—the one thing wanting
To perfect your bliss Jehovah is granting—
With ministering spirits go take your place,
And bless the beloved ones of your race
Still in the body, yet yearning each day
For reunion with dearest ones hurried away :
Here see your heavenly occupation
And take up the joy of your new vocation,
Instantly soaring on spirit wings
I flew to the heights of all rapturous things.
And first to greet me on my arriving

Was that pure spirit whom my surviving
Had cast me into too deep a grief
For anything earthly to yield relief.
Here then was relief in the fullest measure
For a being bereft of its earthly treasure,
And thus shall Eternity richly atone
One day for the sorrows that Time hath known.

“THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN”

'Tis true, but not when he hath toiled
His six days through, to be despoiled
Of that one day in all the seven
That trains the soul for God and heaven.
Our bodies we are keen to feed,
Providing for their every need,
Forgetful that a starving soul
Must suffer while the ages roll.
Selfishly cruel are the powers
That needlessly curtail the hours
For rest and meditation bland,
And glimpses of the “better land”
Which hallowed Sabbaths bring to mind,
When worldly thoughts are left behind.

Alas! for those whose aspirations
Are bounded by the world's mutations

Of mingled hopes and pains and fears,
Fruitful of fewer smiles than tears.
The soaring lark should bid them rise
And pour their anthems on the skies :
So would they every day draw nearer
To the bright realm whence vision clearer,
And more delightful, shall abound,
And music more sublime be found.

 If, ere the ending of this life,
We have not done with mortal strife,
We shall be left to learn the worth
Of "dust to dust, and earth to earth !"

WHEREFORE DID'ST THOU DOUBT?

(Matt. xiv. 31.)

Relentless cruelties afflict this life
Of right and wrong in palpitating strife
Till the sore heart cries out, with struggling breath
Why all this crushing woe, from birth to death,
For victims helpless to escape the lot
Of anguish to wrong-doers due, but not
To guiltless creatures? Can a God of Love
Permit aspersions on His throne above.—
The seat and centre of benevolence,
Charging that throne with sheer malevolence,

Because it doth not in a moment stay,
With All-commanding hand, the dire array
Of new arrivals on their unsought way
To swell the ranks of those who seek release
From burdened life, and would "depart in peace,"
If such might be, before the threescore years
Prescribed for many in this vale of tears.
Yet patience triumphs o'er the deadly stings
That kill the joy of all created things.
For, not in vain the Great Redeemer's anguish
Surpassing all in which His creatures languish!—
Matchless in might, in love outstripping all!
Great in Creation's work: and when the Fall
Of man was wrought by Satan, greater still
To bring back good, and the Destroyer kill;
Binding for ever his foul Champion, Death,
Reviving all things with life-giving breath,
Such as from Heaven's altar-fire supernal
Kindled at first the torch of Life Eternal!—

O thou of little faith! Despair no more!
Thou art so soon to tread the golden shore!
The day will surely come when all the foes
Of God and man themselves shall feel the throes
Their own misdeeds create. Then wherefore doubt?
Wait for the Victor who will put to rout
All powers of evil when the trumpet voice
Shall call earth's suffering victims to rejoice

That pain shall be no more, and restitution
Make all things new, and clean from Sin's pollution :
Eternal Truth hath said it. Question not
How compensation now can be the lot
Of creatures passed for ever from the sphere
Of sufferings undeserved permitted here.
What now thou knowest not hereafter thou
In Paradise shalt know—enraptured bow
To Justice All-divine, and gladly tell
How the Creator hath done all things well.

“LET ALL THE EARTH KEEP SILENCE
BEFORE HIM ” (Hab. ii. 20.)

Why break the silence of Eternity ?
Poor caviller against thy God's decree !
Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?
And shall thy questionings elicit light
From mystic darkness round about His throne ?—
Not to the proud but to the meek alone
Such light is promised, and thou wilt be wise
To bear in mind that once o'er Heavenly skies
There fell a silence, when the seventh seal
Visions Apocalyptic would reveal.²

² “When he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour ” (Rev. viii. 1.)

Then paused the hosts of heaven from heaven's own
speech,

Unlike vain man who would by clamour reach
Solution of the questions he now raises,

Ere he can understand the very phrases

That seraphs, though commissioned to reply,
Must use, his comprehension to defy.

Wait, wait O man ! abide thy brief half-hour :

Wait till thou risest with the needed power

To know, as thou art known, and see the cause

Of ills that seem subversive of just laws.

AGREE TO DIFFER.

Agree to differ, and yet seek to hold

The truth in righteousness, but practise not

Pernicious customs for mere fashion's sake :

Contentions cease where honesty prevails ;

And to be true to our appointed sphere

Should be our chief concern, remembering well

That zeal for excellence in all our work

Is right and worthy ; whilst supremacy

Over our fellows, for mere pride of rank

Hath nought of kinship with nobility

And lofty character. Witness the lives

And dispositions of the truly great,

The cherished benefactors of our race.
How man can best approach the godlike state
Is shewn by self-control and seeking good
For all one's brethren. The ambitious man
Whose aims are all self-centred never finds
The joy he pictured to himself at first,
But finds, too late, that he has lost his way
And nought but disappointment hath acheived.

NATURAL COMMODITIES.

"No natural commodity should be the monopoly of private companies." So spake a Statesman (or would be Statesman) in Parliament one day. (See the Newspaper of March 26, 1896) Is this a wise assertion? Water, Coal, Steam, Gas, Mineral Oils, Metals, Electricity, in fact, all the useful products of creation; what are they but *natural*? Yet, what is their commercial value until human labour has been bestowed upon them? And why should not the labourer, whether capitalist, or workman, be paid for his work? People who object to remunerating the workers should take their own buckets to the river, their own pickaxes to the mines, and wait upon themselves in all cases where they seek enjoyment from "natural products." The cry of "No monopoly!" seems premature till people do everything for themselves, but not while they prefer that others work for them.

If the cry means anything it means absurdity. For whoever may be the purveyors of our "*natural commodities*," whether companies or Councilmen, the public will assuredly seek and support the market most approved for efficiency and economy.

CALAMITIES.

One of the uses of calamities is to call *amities* into operation. Those whom we pity we should be ready to befriend with the amity begotten by sympathy.

NOBILITY.

True nobility of character consists less in being good, and exempt from the common frailties of humanity, than in successfully conquering all temptations towards evil; and in triumphing over every seductive prompting to act viciously or contemptibly.

DELUDED MORTALS.

People who think that the world could not get on without them; forgetting that it might possibly revert to the state of things that preceded their arrival on the scene.

People who will not spend five shillings on a shop

article, but are contented when they see it marked four shillings and eleven pence three farthings, because it then constitutes "a bargain."

People who over-reach their fellows, and think it a proof of their genius.

People who maintain that Armies, Navies, and Police are unnecessary and unchristian Institutions.

People who suppose they know when the world is coming to an end.

People who assert that woman is man's inferior in mental power.

People who hold that cynicism is a cure for folly and stupidity.

People who believe that travelling in the firmament will ever become popular.

People who look upon Radicals, Socialists and Communists as the world's best benefactors.

People who believe that patient merit goes unrewarded.

People who keep skeletons in their cupboards, but refuse to believe in ghosts.

People who will confess to a Priest, but not to the person wronged.

People too pompous to be polite, and too supercilious to be civil.

People who suppose that waste makes good for trade. If this were true, the Universe would have been the better for a judicious waste of its component parts at

Creation, and during sustenance. Waste leads to poverty, and it does not appear that trade gets much out of pauperism.

People who, in fashion's chase, often damage health and grace.

People who practice hypocrisy, to the deceiving of nobody but themselves.

People who jump at a wrong conclusion, through not seeing the other side of the hedge.

Revolutionists who, to escape tyranny, rush into anarchy.

Suicides who, rather than wait for God to amend their lot, flee from the Angel of Mercy who was on his way with solacings.

KILLING BY KINDNESS.

Let us, once for all, deny the right of governing bodies, whether in Church or State, to relax the rigour of the law in favour of rebels and their instigators, under the mistaken notion of "trusting the people," and "killing by kindness." Better say at once "trust the burglar," and save the Police Officers a world of trouble, because the predatory gentlemen will become sweetly harmless when you cease to interfere with their projects.

But rulers ought to have no choice in dealing with

insurgents. "Killing," whether by kindness or by unkindness, is forbidden by the sixth commandment, and rulers who aid in such killing by failing to punish treason-mongers and law breakers, may safely reckon on deplorable results, when they shirk their duty of enforcing the punitive laws on all fitting occasions.

ALL THINGS COMMON.

PART I

Earnest students of Christian Ethics are sometimes ready to ask why the Communism of apostolic days seems to have hopelessly passed away. To answer this question, we must needs ask another—namely, has not something essential to that Communism passed away with it? Let us see what was the state of things described in the Gospel narrative? "The multitude of them that believed" were of one heart and one soul, neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but that they had all things common.

From this it is evident that the revival of Christian Communism cannot be expected whilst its essential characteristic is wanting. What is that essential characteristic? Surely it must be self-surrender. But this implies that each individual has *something* to surrender. What can that *something* be? When the experiment was first tried the sale of the rich man's goods

sufficed for a temporary fund wherewith to meet passing necessities. But soon there would arise difficulties subversive of such a system. First, there must be a replacement of that which the rich man parted with, or he himself would soon have nothing to sell. Then the rich would be wanted again at future sales, or where would be the goods for sale? Again, could the purchasers be allowed to call what they bought their own, without violating the standing principle of *calling nothing* their own? Difficulties of all sorts would soon follow, and prove the truth of the saying "the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life."

What is to be done, then? "Walk in the Spirit," and by it learn that man has nothing that he can truly call his own. The fruits of the earth: can he produce them? Can he even gather them and garner them? Only by the sweat of his brow, or by that of his fellow-labourer's.

Perhaps some bewildered Communist will say, "there ought to be no labourers!" Leaving such an one to future enlightenment, we may say that the dream of possessing this life's goods *in common*, and the notions of equality in worldly wealth must be relegated to the far-off period when the supply of necessities shall be *automatic*, and there shall be no rich people who can pay for helpers, and no invalids who may sorely stand in need of them.

ALL THINGS COMMON.

PART II.

The first part hereof presupposes that the sale and distribution of goods by the early converts to Christianity in favour of the poor is taken literally, leaving both distributors and partakers of goods absolutely nothing to call their own. But is it certain that this literal and impossible Communism in the present state of society is intended for imitation? Would it not rather seem that the sale of one's goods for the benefit of the poor was looked upon as involving some sort of ownership? Peter's rebuke to Ananias and Sapphira was directed against their "lying to the Holy Ghost." Ownership both before and after the sale was admitted by the Apostle; and not to *that*, but to the evasion and deceit was the death-penalty attributable.

From all this may we not infer that the Communism described in the Acts of the Apostles amounts to no more than an experiment that contained its own element of failure? We know that, as to the *letter*, it did fail. Yet the *spirit* of self-surrender which called it forth remains for ever a law of Christian life and conduct.

"EACH FOR HIMSELF, ETC."

I have somewhere met with the expression, "Each for himself, God for all, and the Devil take the hindmost,"

and I have paused to consider whether there be more of profanity than of truth therein. For instance, we make our appearance on earth each for himself, and in the same condition we pursue our earthly career. We depart alone, and we are to meet our judgment and future alone ; proving that each is for himself in entering life, departing from it, and taking up our future state, whatever that may be. Then comes the next truth, "God for all." Could any single human or even animal being, exist without God's unremitting providence? Much less could the teeming myriads of living creatures from the Creation onwards? Then, for the hindmost. Considering how many are hindmost from wilful rebellion against the laws of God and man, and considering that the hindmost owing to helpless affliction are comparatively few, and these specially provided for in Christian Communities, it is difficult to conceive how the wilfully hindmost can expect any other compassion than that of the Evil One whose service they have deliberately chosen, by desertion from the ranks of Redemption's compassionate Lord.

PESSIMISM.

Is it not a fact that the pessimist worries himself unnecessarily by supposing that things are worse than they

really are? Before the arrival of the final ruin must come stagnation, and surely *that* is far enough away from our active times. When we are bereft of the multitude who early rise and late retire for the fulfilment of daily duty, it will be time enough to cry out, "Here comes stagnation and extinction is in its wake!"

A FUNNY PERFORMANCE.

What? Turn a dog into a *poodle*—and then admire your performance? Well, you *are* funny!

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

What were ugly things created for?

To increase our delight in things beautiful.

Why was evil allowed to exist?

To quicken our strivings after good.

What is the use of suffering?

It intensifies our enjoyment of happiness.

What is Scepticism?

Mental suicide.

What is a snob?

A thing to be snubbed.

What is Love?

The bliss of Heaven and the joy of Earth.

What is Hate?

The fuel of the flaming gulf.

THE WORD OF GOD.

(A SERMONETTE.)

The aspiration of man in all ages has been, and in all ages will be, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" And the reason of this is not far to seek. Man, having been created in the image of God, must needs yearn to discover his prototype, and to be delivered from the painful effects of the fall which broke the image, defaced its beauty and killed its joy. Granted that Adam, our first parent, had not been long in Eden before, under the malign influence of the Arch-deceiver, called in Scripture, that Old Serpent, he found reason for seeking escape from the eye of Omniscience amongst the trees of the garden. But, as an outcast, and a wanderer from the Source of all Good, he soon learnt that there could be no peace for him and his posterity.

Hence his craving for pardon and restoration. Then his beneficent Creator, instead of leaving him a hopeless victim of the Serpent's treachery, provided a Deliverer, even the Word, by whom all things were

called into existence, and by whom man was made a living soul, in the image of the Sacred Trinity. Until the restoration of that image, by Redeeming Love, no son of Adam could ever have found hope, or any way of return to the bosom of his offended Creator. But the way of that return is now mapped out for us in the Divine Oracles, wherein we read "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth." We further read, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." Here then is the answer to the cry, "Oh that I might find him!" Here, also, is set before liberated man the power of choosing whom he will henceforth serve, whether God or the Arch-destroyer; and those who henceforth shall choose to their own destruction will have only themselves to blame.

The early disciples of our Lord accepted this teaching, and therefore found their way back to their heaven-born inheritance. And when one of those disciples, Philip by name, asked his Divine Instructor to shew him the Father, he received for answer, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Should not this suffice for all seekers after truth and the knowledge of God? Especially when Jesus afterwards explicitly declared

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me. If ye had known me ye should have known my Father also, and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him."

Thus finding the object of man's best search and aspirations, it remains only to search the Scriptures and to find therein the way of acquiring knowledge of all things belonging to human well-being for Time and for Eternity ; for want of which knowledge so many souls grope in darkness and in the shadow of death.

CHURCH AND STATE.

The Church may instruct, but not govern. "Obey the King" is a rule for clerics no less than for laity. In the Old Testament dispensation the priests, both under Moses and his successor, Joshua, were the ministers, and not the rulers of the people. Aaron, on an emergency arising, undertook the office of ruler ; and with what result, we learn from the Old Testament record. He began by ordering an offertory for the setting up of an idol, in the shape of a golden calf, the outcome of the melting-pots of the people's gold and jewelry. Then came the deluded priest's jubilate—"These be thy gods, O Israel!" (Exodus xxxii. 8), proving that priests are better engaged when "obeying magistrates" (Titus iii. 1) than when assuming secular authority.

It is significant that idolatry owes its existence to, and is kept alive by, priesthoods. Clerical assumption unfits for ministerial duty. Ministering angels would not think of commanding the "heirs of salvation" whom they are appointed to minister unto—not to lord it over. It was the "lording spirit" that worked the ruin of Lucifer himself, and degraded him from his archangelical rank to that of an outcast.

The English National Church makes provision enough for the clerical office receiving its due importance in the State, seeing that the bishops are allowed to sit in the House of Lords. Let duty be faithfully discharged by King, Lords, and Commons, and it is difficult to conceive of any better form of government beneath the skies for any state or community; bearing in mind the influence for good over each grade that godly ministers may always hope to exert in a Christian nation.

NATURE WITHOUT GOD.

The people who profess that they adore Nature, but ignore God, may be reminded that Nature, uncontrolled by a beneficent Creator, is but a museum of terrible products and forces, in the midst of which human existence would not be endurable. Agnostics may surely know thus much amongst the unknowable things which so greatly perplex them.

QUESTIONS FOR SCEPTICS.

If the Bible be not a divine revelation, but merely a compilation of myths, how comes it to pass that its prophecies are being even now fulfilled? They foretold the coming of scepticism, with all the social degeneracy from which we are now suffering. The Old Testament writings are verified by the Jews, in their National History, from its commencement to the present day; and the New Testament shews how the Canonical Books of the Hebrews were accepted as genuine, and quoted with authority 2000 years ago by the Son of God Himself, no less than by his arch-foe when it suited him so to do. Then we have Christ's references to Moses and the Prophets, followed by apostolic arguments from the Old Testament authors. So that the sceptic of our day has to shew by what possibility a book of frauds could have worked such wonders in confirming the faith of humanity in things Divine as humanity has experienced, in spite of its natural reluctance to acknowledge the power of Truth eternal.

THE CHURCH.

Churches are twofold in character—either buildings wherein religious worshippers assemble, or the conglomerate names of the worshippers themselves. As

to the distinction between Catholic and Protestant Churches, the result is that under each name is described a denominational section only of the Church Universal—a Church not yet palpable enough to be seen or inhabited. Sects are plentiful and self-assertive under the generic name of "*Church*." But it would simplify matters to wait for the General Assembly and Church of the First-born written in heaven, before paying much attention to the claims of this Church, that Church, or the other Church, resting satisfied if we can find our place at the last, in the Church of the Redeemed enrolled for beatified worship in the Lamb's Book of Eternal Life.

CHURCH CEREMONIAL.

People who lay too much stress on Church ceremonial, and people who are too neglectful thereof, may possibly find common ground of agreement by adopting the creed that whatsoever ceremony really honours God and makes for holiness among men, is worthy of all Christian acceptance.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

The Christian Ministry is not a caste of men created to lord it over their fellows, but to minister unto them in all their spiritual needs. It is a glorious office, and one of stupendous responsibility. Nevertheless, whosoever

feels the call of God, the Holy Ghost, and follows it as the first Christian converts followed their Lord, may seek ordination and do the work of an Evangelist. Ordination is the credential of accredited ministers ; but that it can be dispensed with in some exceptional cases is shown by our Saviour's recognition of one forbidden by the disciples to act ministerially, on the ground "he followeth not us." That recognition was ordination enough. Ministers are safe in walking by the rules of the Holy Scripture, and in remembering the Bible teaching against arrogant titles. "Call no man your father upon the earth"—"Be clothed with humility"—and the like.

SACRAMENTS.

The Church Catechism's definition of a Sacrament is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." For the outward and visible sign in Holy Communion we have bread and wine. For the thing signified we have "the Body and Blood of Christ." Contentions as to the Real Presence have abounded in the History of the Church. Perhaps these contentions have arisen from *the sign*, and *the thing signified*, being looked upon as one and the same thing, which is a self-evident contradiction. The signing of the Cross on an infant's brow in Baptism is an outward sign of Regeneration, but if it be also the inward grace signified, ought there to be a single un-

regenerate being in existence after having been brought to the baptismal font?

AURICULAR CONFESSION.

If this ceremonial led to the transgressor's being handed over to the Secular Judge for paying the penalty attached to his evil-doing, who would go to confession? A Church penance is so much less dreaded than a Criminal Court verdict and sentence, that it is little wonder if wrong-doers prefer priestly absolution to condemnation by a Secular verdict. Under which alternative may we hope to see crime diminished? By Civil or by Ecclesiastical sentences?

UNITY, PEACE AND CONCORD.

May not Catholics and Protestants, Conformists and Non-conformists unite in praying for the "New heaven and the New earth," wherein shall dwell righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Not by strife nor by vain glory, not by envious and sectarian self-seeking, but by the hallowing influence of the Holy Ghost, bidding warfare cease and brotherly love continue.

SERMONS AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.

The former should not be banished. Would worship alone convert three thousand souls, as did St. Peter's single sermon on the Day of Pentecost? We shall always stand in need of sermons to remind us that we "cannot serve God and Mammon."

"OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

Of the many gods of heathendom, which of them do men address as their Father? Would they dare to do so? But when the "God of Gods," in His wondrous love, took flesh and dwelt amongst His banished ones, to re-open unto them the gates of Paradise, did He come in a guise to compel their worship by the terrors of His majesty? Did He not, rather, come as a pardoning Jehovah, and as our elder brother, to draw them home to the "many mansions" where His children should eternally dwell in light and joy ineffable; asking no more in return than their gratitude and love, as the children of restored sonship.

And when the disciples of Jesus Christ sought to learn how to pray, is it wonderful that the teaching resolved itself into the instruction:

"After this manner, therefore, pray ye. Our Father which art in heaven." If Christ was not very God as

well as very man, his assurance must have seemed as startling as his sympathy inexplicable. This must surely remove all doubt as to our Lord being God, and must leave the Socinian to explain as best he may, how Christ, if merely man could be worthy of the esteem in which he is held as supremely good and great amongst men, by those who will not acknowledge his Divinity. Will the affrighting and avenging gods of heathendom ever attract man as a Father to bless, instead of a stern judge to blight his erring children?

CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY.

Col. i: xxvii.

True! But if Christ be *not* in you, where is your hope of glory? Think you that Christ will be in you by your observance of ceremony and ordinances before you have emptied yourself of everything that makes for vain-glory?—of everything which makes for a delusive hope that any external act or acts of your own can save you from the sad consequences of retaining a heart divided between God and Mammon? It is just that divided heart which closes the gate of Paradise against fallen man, stamps him a servant of God's enemy, and makes it impossible for him to become a Son of God who asks "My Son, give me thine heart." (Prov. xxiii. 26), and who can accept no gift but that of whole hearted sur-

render and love for the unspeakable gift of man's redemption by the Lord's Anointed Son, the Destroyer of Satan and his works. Away, then, with all false hopes of self-acquired glory and seek the one anchorage—one ark of safety—the one refuge from the tempests that rage around the voyagers to the Promised Land and its gloriously peaceful haven.

SYMBOLS.

Let no one think disparagingly of Symbols. They make clear to the mind's eye the spiritual and unseen essence of things visible and familiar. They indicate the pre-existence in mental form of whatsoever materialistic object can meet the natural eye. For instance, what is there in creation, known by sense, that has not been a pre-existing sentiment in the all-creative mind that originated and perfected our stupendous Universe? How the twofold action of thought and deed brought about the wonders that have been evolved therefrom, will always baffle our limited faculties of comprehension. Nevertheless we may well cherish symbolism as enabling us to see "through a glass darkly," what, otherwise, we could not perceive at all.

WASTE.

If waste be good for trade, economy must be better,

because as in nature there is no waste, those who economize have more to spend, and it is expenditure that benefits trade. Even the too careful man atones for undue parsimony by leaving more to change hands and circulate in shops when his goods are surrendered at Probate's Custom house.

THE ENJOYABLE EMPIRE.

Once, in olden time, the "Sweet Singer of Israel" penned the words, "The hill of Sion is a fair place and the joy of the whole earth." Soon in modern time, may England's Poet Laureate be found singing, "The British Empire is a pleasant realm, and the joy of all Creation."

PEDIGREES.

There are pedigrees which confer little or no honour on those who take their stand upon them; but we know not what steps towards an honourable position can be taken by anyone without a decent pair of boots for his standing.

FOX HUNTING AND FORTUNE HUNTING.

Fox hunters are chivalrous when they present the

ornamental brush to the lady companion of their chase ; but when fortune hunters pursue a lady for her purse, with how much chivalry shall we credit them ?

CHURCH TEACHING AND PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

I know of no Church Teaching but must needs stand or fall as private judgment may decide. Therefore when a man tells me that he surrenders his private judgment to the dictum of ecclesiastical conclaves, I conclude that, either he has parted with his reason, or has fallen into lunacy—matters of small distinction—equally blamable, or equally pitiable.

SABBATH BREAKING.

Misguided Sabbath breakers are prone to forget that, in handing over to the world the day that the Lord has hallowed to the service of man's spiritual well-being, they are parting with their heavenly birthright. What will the world's "mess of pottage" be worth to them when the Eternal Father's blessing of a weekly opportunity for acquiring a "mansion in the skies" shall have passed away, profanely bartered for carnal allurements ? Will the world then appear so benign a master as to

have deserved such devoted worship as bankrupt souls will find they have given it? Rather let the world be content with its six-sevenths, and not encroach upon the remaining one-seventh of man's heritage, rightly quoted as having been "made for man"—yes, for *man*, but not for his tempters, the world, the flesh and the devil."

EVANGELICAL TEACHING.

Church doctrines which are not evangelical are not worth discussing; because the Gospel is to survive when heaven and earth shall have passed away. (Matthew xxiv. 35).

FAITH AND WORKS.

There is a sacramental union between faith and works which, if rightly understood, should put an end to controversies, as to justification on the one hand and sanctification on the other. The outward and visible sign of justification being sanctification, there should be no question as to the futility of faith without works, because there can be no justifying faith in the absence of the sanctifying works. But this does not shift the ground to that of sanctification, any more than the bread and wine (symbols of Holy Communion) constitute the Sacrament. The marriage ring does not make the

marriage—the sign manual does not *make* the testator's will ; it merely seals it. Both ring and seal are but attestations of a pre-existing function. In like manner, *works* result from a pre-existent faith, and sanctification follows a pre-existing justification.

A POSTULATE FOR TRADES' UNIONISM.

If the layer of golden eggs be a goose (which is not yet demonstrated) it by no means follows that the slayer of that goose is a wise man ; because we shall soon have to ask where the next gold is to come from.

Perhaps Trades' Union Bankers have discovered a substitute for that commodity ; if so, well and good ! But if not, what then ? Shall we say crumbs from the tables of the charitable, in pity for hungry tramps ? But how about their sturdy dictation to society ?—"Down with capital !"—Pray think again !

HEREDITY AND THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.

"Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children" is an expression found in the text of the second commandment, and it becomes a stumbling-block in the way of many puzzled seekers after truth, because it

appears to them opposed to the attributes of justice and mercy for which God is credited by believers. Heredity (as explained by scientists) is often-times answerable for the transmission from parents to children of disabling bodily ailments, but to argue therefrom that the moral faculties of the child are similarly blemished, and that sins of the mind and will cannot be punished without injustice, is to reject the clear statement that God is a rewarder of them that fear him; and it is also opposed to the abiding fact that many of the most heroic and devoted children of God are to be found amongst pitiable sufferers from hereditary disorders.

But what saith the second commandment itself? "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." But why do people stop here? Can they not perceive that there are two generations distinctly concerned?—namely "of them that hate me," and "of them that love me"—the latter receiving mercy by the thousand, and the former receiving the due reward of their own hatred of good, and *that* not carried beyond the fourth generation? It must surely be a grave mistake to doubt Jehovah's mercy, because of a careless reading of this second commandment. And seeing that all depends upon the loving or hating of God and his laws, the question of injustice finds no real status. Only the haters will deliberately break the commandments, and pleading heredity as a

bar to punishment is like making it a bar to reward of any sort ; as if ancestry and posterity were inseparable quantities.

VIVISECTION.

This criminal cruelty would not be tolerated in heaven, should not be allowed on earth ; and cannot be practised in hell ; because sinless beings are ineligible for entrance there.

TYRANNIES AND TYRANTS.

A single despot is better than a mob of tyrants ; therefore, of two evils choose the least, and be in no hurry to quell the former, only to get yourself quelled by the latter.

PRIESTHOOD.

The first priesthood was committed to Moses and Aaron under the law. The second, and only remaining priesthood was established in the incarnate Son of God, called "a priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedek," The first priesthood passed away, and with it the sacrifices of the Altar—"Bring no more vain oblations."

When the eternal High Priest of our profession offered

Himself as the Saving Victim there was "no more offering for sin." Therefore Sacerdotalism is now either obsolete or presumptuous. The only remaining office for ministers of the Gospel to fulfil, is ambassadorship for Christ, praying men, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled unto God.

JONADAB, THE SON OF RECHAB.

(Jeremiah xxxv. 19).

Of this man it is recorded in the Old Testament history—"He shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." That interminable lease of life hath still, as many years to run as when its commencement was registered in the archives of heaven. And upon what terms was this choice freehold inheritance acquired? On conditions which the poorest of the poor can meet, namely temperance, resulting from filial reverence; and, avoidance of things hurtful to mental or bodily health. Truly the Rechabites are a wise people. They not only escape the ailments that afflict so many hereditary sufferers, but they possess the secret of enjoying sound minds in sound bodies for more than the normal years of life's duration. O ye who would live long and happily, ponder these things! As to any objector's remonstrance that filial reverence does not require us to lead a gipsy life, outside the pale of civilization, the answer is—If

too much luxuriousness be found to blunt the moral faculties, wisdom will again be shewn in favouring the simpler manners that tend towards arcadian felicity.

“THE LOVE OF MONEY IS THE ROOT OF
ALL EVIL.”

A true saying ; but perhaps the love of Alcohol is yet deeper rooted for evil.

“BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!”

Should this announcement ever cease to be a vain and empty boast, purveyors of alcohol and nicotine will be dispirited.

DRAMATIC ANIMALS.

It can hardly be said that there is any lack of histrionic instinct amongst animals. Is not the monkey a born comedian? Observe his wheedling smiles whilst he is coaxing you for a cherry or a nut. See how cleverly he grins, and manipulates the delicacies with which you reward his wit, separating stony interiors from worthless shells, and evincing his mirthful gratitude by pelting you with the discarded superfluities with which, in any other way, he scorns to deal. And is not the pythoness a

tragedy queen, when she has first fascinated some weakling of the animal creation and then taken her siesta ; at the same time undertaking her victim's happy despatch and decent burial with all post-prandial observances and attentions? Mirth and misery being the experiences of animals, no less than of men and women, it needs no great stretch of imagination to discover the elements of Comedy and Tragedy provided for the lower orders of beings no less than for the higher ; the only difference being, that, while sin may be present in the performances of the one order, it is happily excluded from those of the other.

MAN'S DESTINY.

The Universal Father made a world,
And peopled it with beings ; upon some
Of whom, in love, he set the lineaments
Of his own power and beauty ; moulding them
In his own image, to reflect His grace :
His love for them he proved by wondrous gifts,
And set them in a bower of loveliness
From whence they might behold the countless orbs
Resplendent with the light of suns and gems
Floating in air, embedded in the earth,
And furnishing Creation with a store
Of all imagination can desire,

To last Eternity for all its needs.
Having thus loved his children, in return
God only asked their filial love, requiring
But one condition of fidelity—
“Freely partake of all the garden trees
Save one; and that thou shalt not taste, nor touch,
On pain of death, and banishment from hence.”—
Too soon a fallen Angel entered in
And worked the fall of Eden’s denizens.
Our guilty parents into terror sank,
And then sank lower, even into hate.
In tainted Eden God no more could walk;
And so the first pair, driving out their God,
Must needs be driven out; whilst cherubims
Must bar the gate of Paradise, till One,
The Second Adam, Healer of the bitten
By serpent fangs, and bitten unto death,
Shall, by his own life-blood infuse new life,
Restore God’s image, broken by the fall,
And rank the earthly with the heavenly host.
Then *ten* commandments took the place of *one* :—
From Sinai’s Mount they thundered, loudly telling
The consequence of trusting lying speech—
“Yea, hath God said?” the Tempter asked, then urged
“It shall not be!”—“Ye shall not surely die!”—
He was believed, and God was disbelieved :
Man’s graceless insult reached Jehovah’s seat:—

Such dire affront would even man endure?
Nay! his displeasure visits all distrust
With utter condemnation, born of wrath:
And yet the Loving Father made a Will
Whereby escape from disinheritance
Might still avail through penitence and faith!

Man's Maker took man's form and paid the debt
Due to Jehovah's justice; and henceforth
A new and living way to Paradise
Afresh was opened through the gate of death;
No wonder that the Covenant of Love
Displaced the minatory Code of Law;
And man once more may hear the Father's voice
"A new commandment give I unto you"—
"Love God, in chief—thy neighbour, as thyself!"
"Surely, less irksome laws than those of old!"
Surely thou wilt not fail in faith again,
Nor list to any other tempting voice,
Whether in angel garb from heaven descended,
Or from the beauteous earth or things thereunder.
Too well thou knowest now whom to believe,
And whom distrust—above all, whom to worship
With all thy powers of love and gratitude.

Think, think O Mortals! of the awful price
Your Loving Saviour paid to rescue you
From death and hell, rebellion's penalty!
Who now commits the unpardonable sin?

Is it not he, inheritor of pride
From Lucifer himself, who dares malign
The ways of God to man, and will not take
The good so freely offered ! Self-sufficient
He braves again the penalty of sin,
Nor stays to ask if one " so great Salvation,"
Neglected now, can ever be recovered.

List to the teaching of the Word of Life—
The saving faith, as shown by Abraham,
The father of the faithful ; " friend of God,"
(His noble title through obedience)
He cavilled not, as doubters love to do—
" How shall all earth be bless'd in Isaac's seed,
As God himself hath promised?" " Where's the reason,
In face of such a promise, bidding me
To slay that son? Obey, and cavil not,
Thou arrogant disputer ! Leave thy God
To work His sovereign will, and thou shalt see,
As Abraham did, man's wisdom understands
The things of man, but not the things of God.

Why did repentant publicans find grace
And sinners, yea, and harlots too, with Him
Who came to preach the way of Life to men—
Himself that Way ! but to make known the truth
That, without *faith* man cannot please the Lord ?
They saw 'twas not in man to offer *works*
Well pleasing to his Maker ; so they placed

Their only hope in God's Incarnate Son ;
Forsaking all, they followed Him, and found
Faith's guerdon—Life and Immortality.

And now, O man ! behold thy destiny !
The laws of good and evil, life and death,
Are thine to choose from : it were worse than vain
To blame thy God, if thou shouldst miss the good.
He made thee no machine, without the power
To shun the evil. Make thy choice—and yet
A fellow mortal fain would urge the good
On thine acceptance, seeing that, if this
Shall be thy choice, all heaven may be found,
And nothing that can bless this earth be lost.

CONTRADICTIONS : FACTS AND FICTIONS.

Be not dismayed at contradictions
While life consists of facts and fictions :
Each poison has its antidote :
Some iron sinks and some will float :
Some men of war are reckoned *shes* ;
Medical women rank as *hes* ;
That is, when practising as doctors ;
Or, in a cap and gown, as proctors.
In fact, so mixed are now the sexes
'Tis hard to know which most perplexes :
When governor and governess

Into one gender coalesce,
So when fair ladies take the chair
Shall they be called chairmen or chair-
Women—that humbler race endowed
With functions less of soft than loud?
But all this comes of training lasses
Where males and females form the classes,
In ways that, carried to excess,
Do more to bother than to bless.

TO A PESSIMIST ARRAIGNING HIS MAKER.

Hath not thy God been good to thee?
O railler at the things that be?
Hath He withheld from thee all joy,
Inflicting pains without alloy?
Hast thou no compensations known
When pain evoked from thee a groan?
Is disappointment *all* thy lot;
Thy past thy future all a blot?
When waves of trouble o'er thee roll
Have they the power to wreck thy *soul*?
And canst thou call thyself forlorn,
The only one of woman born
Denied the rose that hath no thorn?
Choice gifts of love thou must have found

Or thou wouldst now be underground:
A mother's love, a father's care,
Of human sympathy thy share
Who hath denied thee? Canst thou say.
No smiling joy hath passed thy way?
Not so! then thankfully confess
How it befits thee still to bless
Thy God for trials far behind
Those of the deaf, the lame, the blind.
Think, too, how many a patient one
Gives thanks and prays "thy will be done!"
Remembering that the furnace fire
Refines the gold that strings their lyre,
And tunes it for the heavenly choir.
Oh! then, awake in hopeful thanks,
And quit the discontented ranks
Of pessimists who close their eyes,
Determined not to see the skies
Arrayed in rainbow's richest hues
For all who trust, and cease to choose
The doubter's part, and to blaspheme
The Lord who reigns in heaven supreme;
Providing for each racking grief
The anodyne that brings relief;
Or gathering to a better shore
The sufferer who can bear no more.

"IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY"

(Revelation i. 10.)

(I)

On the Lord's Day, in Patmos' Isle
The spirit came to me awhile,
With trumpet-tongue his voice resounded ;
And wondrous visions then surrounded
My sense of sight, my listening ears
Filling my soul with mingled fears,
And much to make my heart rejoice;
So, being turned, I heard the voice
That spake with me. Then rose to sight
Seven golden candlesticks whose light
Illumed the darkest of the pages
That once perplexed Creation's ages.
That voice at Pentecost I heard,
But saw not then the Living Word
Now condescending to reveal
Secrets that once were under seal,
Until the fulness of the days
Might lift the veil, and bid the rays
Of revelation show the things
Now nearing earth on angel-wings.
How sad for those who see no beauty
In Sabbath days, but only duty
Destructive of the work day pleasure,
The hunt for fame, the race for treasure ;

Forgetful that Jehovah asks
Surcease from Time's absorbing tasks,
For only one day out of seven,
Whereon to seek Him and His heaven,
Before Eternity's broad tide
Sweepeth all other things aside !
Seest thou not, O, busy man,
In details of Creation's plan,
How matter's all-amazing skill
And toils gigantic fail to fill
The spirit's yearnings ? There *must* be
'Twixt God and man affinity ;
Else would it seem to be in vain
That man God's image should retain
Some fleeting moments, then lie shattered
With every God-like instinct scattered ?
With no afflatus evermore
To teach the spirit to adore,
And worship at the heavenly shrine
That stamps it with the seal divine ?
Surely the highest happiness
Ordained the human race to bless
Must be to hear the Father's voice
Calling His children to rejoice,
And share once more their heavenly home
Never again therefrom to roam !
Whoso to-day will hear that voice

Shall know the wisdom of his choice.

Such were my thoughts as I adored
One from whose mouth a two-edged sword
Proceeded, filling me with dread,
Till, at His feet, I fell as dead ;
His hand upon me then He laid,
Bidding me be no more afraid.
Then, giving me His mystic name,
He bade me carefully proclaim
The things which are, and which shall be

(II)

Hereafter, for the world to see—
Unto the Church Ephesian write.
I know thy works, yet they invite
Reproof, for thy first love forsaken
Repent ere yet from thee be taken
Thy candlestick, and gloom of night
Degrade thee from thy shining height—

Unto the Church of Smyrna write
Thy works are worthy in my sight:
Be faithful still and never fear
The days of darkness drawing near.
When synagogues of Satan rage
In warfare with their hosts engage,
And I to thee will give a crown
Of life eternal for renown—

Albeit poverty may now
With tribulation cloud thy brow,
Of richest life the coronet
On thee shall evermore be set.
The spirit furthermore declares
The second death shall not be theirs
Who overcome in present life
The rebel powers of sin and strife.
Then to the Church of Pergamos,
Where dwell the soldiers of my cross ;
Who flinch not from the martyr's doom ;—
I know thy works, yet hast thou room
For penitence respecting things
That sully thy devotion's wings.
Repent, and cease from sacrifices
Not purged from heathenish devices.—
To Thyatira write—I know
Thy works of love and faith that grow—
The last, more fruitful than the first—
Still thou art wickedly athirst
For pleasures hateful in my sight,
Such as my soul abhorreth quite.
Remember Jezabel's sad end
Repent, and, ere too late, amend.
And flee from witchcrafts of the pit
That idol worshippers commit.
Unto the rest, who have not known

The depths of Satan, and his throne
Set up to draw the souls of men
And lure them to his fatal den ;
To such I am content to say
No further burden will I lay
Than to be faithful, and hold fast
That which ye have until, at last,
I come your cup of bliss to fill
For worship on my holy hill ;
To give the morning star to each
And fit him both to rule and teach.

(III)

To Sardis write, Thy works I know
Thou hast a name—mere name of show—
Claiming to live, whilst thou art dead :
Repent, and be no longer led
Imperfect works to offer me ;—
Lip-worship, with a heart I see
Far from me, lacking all the worth
That wafts to heaven the things of earth.
Be watchful, strengthen, and hold fast
The good within thee, for thou hast
Even in Sardis, some few names
Not yet corrupted by the flames
That from false idol-shrines arise,
Ensnaring souls, and blinding eyes.

And these shall walk with me in white ;
Their raiment pure, their conduct right.
To Philadelphia, furthermore,
I bid thee write—An open door
I set before thee : David's key,
With all its power, with thee shall be.
And shall reward thy little strength,
Forbidding thee to go the length
Of hypocrites my name denying ;
For thou hast kept thy faith, defying
Evil traditions ; therefore I
Will keep thee when I come to try
The dwellers in the world. Hold fast
That which thou hast, that at the last,
Thy crown untaken, thou shalt stand
A pillar in the Temple grand
Of New Jerusalem ;—and now
Laodicea's Church endow
With knowledge of my word, and say
Unto its angel : Would thy way
Were cold or hot ; therefore repent,
Ere thy lukewarmness I resent.
I counsel thee to buy of me
Gold in the fire, well tried, and be
Not self-deceived, but rich and clad
In raiment white ; no longer sad
In all unconscious nakedness,

Proving thine abject wretchedness.
Hear what the spirit saith to all—
Before no power of evil fall.
But overcome, as I o'ercame ;
And ye shall bear my Father's name.
Immediately the Spirit's word
Within my trained ear was heard.

(IV)

I looked, and lo, a door was set
In heaven's cystal parapet
Through which a voice of trumpet-tone
Bade me approach to where a throne
Appeared in glowing rainbow light,
Jasper and sardine-like in sight.
And like an emerald. Then I saw
Twenty-four seats prepared for
Twenty-four elders, golden crowned.
And seated that bright throne around.
Thunders and lightnings then proceeded
From out the throne, to which succeeded
Voices and lamps of glowing fire,
Being seven spirits from the choir
Of heaven, endowed, before, behind
With eyes from which no soul could find
Escape from spirit-searching rays
That set night's blackest pall ablaze.

Before the throne a sea of glass,
Like unto crystal whence did pass
Within my sight four living creatures,
Surpassing all familiar features
From whence to draw similitude,
So wondrous were they, and so crude
Till fitted by celestial beams
To pierce the veil of vision dreams.
It seemed to me four beasts there were,
Who might with forms of earth compare ;
A lion first : and next a calf :
The third, not beast entire, for half
Bore semblance to the human face :
A flying eagle filled the place
Of the fourth being : whilst all four
Had attributes of sight galore
Equipping them with powers transcending
Earth's highest gifts from heaven descending.
The seer can only here portray
The things he saw, and wait the day
That shall reveal the full intent
And meaning of the vision sent
To exercise the earth-born soul
Till heaven its mysteries shall unrol :—
And yet it may be far from wrong
To ponder well the thrilling song
Ascending when they all give praise

And pour to Heaven their raptured lays.
Truth, like the lion, must prevail
When error's weakling ranks assail :
The calf perhaps awaits the son,¹
By his own wilfulness undone :
With eagle-eye he sees the place
Far off, where yet a Father's face
Watches to lead the wanderer home
(Too penitent again to roam).
The soaring eagle seeks the sun,
No more on grovelling earth to run.
"Thrice holy " was the anthem sung :
"Thrice worthy " (rose from every tongue),
"Glory and honour to receive
With ceaseless praise from morn till eve."
The prostrate elders fall before
The king enthroned whom all adore,
And cast their own bright crowns aside—
No dwelling left for creature-pride—
And thus they worship him who lives
Eternally, and freely gives
Bright things of earth, and, brighter still,
The sparkling gems of Zion's hill,
To all who own His worthiness,
And glory in His power to bless.

¹Luke xv., 23.

(V)

And then I saw, in vision grand,
A wondrous book in the right hand
Of him enthroned ; it was a book
That none could read, or even look
Its mysteries to search. Then came
A mighty angel to proclaim
In loud voiced challenge " Who is there
Worthy to open and declare.
The seven-sealed book's contents?" Then much
I wept because the book was such
That none could even look upon,
Still less unloose the seals thereon.
Then in the midst a Lamb was seen
Seeming as one that slain had been.
He took the book and loosed the seals
While each adoring spirit kneels,
And harping choirs of heaven prolong
The triumph-notes of new-made song.
They sang the worth of Him once slain
By whose redeeming love again
The peoples of the earth may rise,
To rank with dwellers in the skies ;
Beyond the power of numeration,
Voices there were from every nation
Ten thousand times ten thousand times,
And thousand thousands from all climes

Poured forth the anthem that resounded
Around Creation's walls, not bounded
By sentient forms alone, but all
Life's concourse on this earthly ball,
From land and sea and firmament,
Gathered in one vast concert, lent
Their powers to bless the Lamb's dear name,
His might and all-transcending fame.
In that glad song the mystic four
Joined with the elders twenty-four,
Fell down and worshipped with their praise
Him who abides through endless days.

(VI).

And next I saw, in spirit-vision,
The opening by the Lamb's decision,
Of the seven seals the past revealing,
And yet the final end concealing.
The first seal opened, and I saw
A conqueror equipped for war.
The second seal, a war-horse red
Disclosed with power of slaughter fed.
The third seal opened, and a voice
Seemed to bid stricken ones rejoice
For earth reprieved from hurtful things
And ransomed from the curse's stings.
The fourth seal opened, and a horse,

As pallid as a recent corse,
Was seen, and on him sat pale Death
Followed by Hell with deadly breath
To kill with hunger, sword, and dearth
And noisome beasts, the sons of earth.
When the fifth seal had been unclosed
Beneath the altar were disclosed
The martyr-souls who call on God
To wreak the vengeance of his rod
On those who thirsted for their blood,
And plunged them in Hate's fiery flood.
To these were given robes of white
And sweetest rest, in orbs of light,
A little season still to wait
Till fellow-martyrs join their state.
The sixth seal was removed, and lo,
Mine eyes beheld a scene of woe :
A quaking earth, a firmament
By prodigies unheard of rent :
A blackened sun, a blood-red moon,
Stars falling like the figs too soon
Cast forth by blighted trees : then fled
Heaven, isles and mountains, while the dead,
Amidst the things displaced, arose
And, terror-stricken sought from woes
To hide in dens and mountain rocks,
If so they might escape the shocks

The Lamb's great day of wrath awoke
In blood and scathing thunder-stroke.

(VII.)

After these things mine eye beheld
Four angels who the winds withheld,
That they no more should hurtful be
To earth or sea, or any tree.
Then from the East another came
To seal God's servants with His name
Upon their brows. On Israel's tribes
The duteous angel then inscribes
Jehovah's name, twelve thousand each,
Until the total numbers reach
Twelve times twelve thousand. Then, behold !
I saw a multitude enrolled
From every realm, in robes of white
With dazzling purity bedight,
And palms, like sceptres, in their hands,
Befitting their vice-regal bands.
These all in one triumphant voice
Called on each other to rejoice,
And praise the God of their salvation
In lyric tones of every nation ;
While all the angels round the throne
Adoring, swelled the anthem-tone—
Blessing and glory, wisdom thanks,

And laud from all created ranks
Be to the Lamb of God out-poured,
For evermore to be adored.
The elders with the wondrous four
Mysterious creatures joined to pour
Their prostrate worshipful "Amen"
In seraph harmony with men.
And then an elder asked of me,
What are these white-robed ones we see,
A gladsome host, and whence came they,
Effulgent in their bright array?
Thou knowest, Sir! I could but say,
And then he told me, These are they
Who, out of tribulation great
Called from a world of raging hate,
Have left their blood-stained garments there
Now their Redeemer's bliss to share,
And whitest robes, with Him to wear.
Oh! what entrancing joys they find!
Their crushing sorrows left behind,
Where nought but raging hate abounded,
Erst-martyred souls are now surrounded
By tender spirits overflowing,
In dear sincerity bestowing
Each upon each such fruits of love
As bloom alone in groves above!
And now before God's throne they stand

Worshipping in that Temple grand,
Where He vouchsafes with them to dwell,
And feed them from His living well,
Hunger and thirst no more to prey,
And tears for ever wiped away.

(VIII).

The opening of the seventh seal
Marvel of marvels did reveal.
About the space of half an hour
Dead silence was the only power
That struck the mute bewildered throng
Till then all animate with song.
So hushed it was that keenest ears
Were deaf to note if rolling spheres
To final stoppage had been doomed,
And in Creation's grave entombed.
When that appalling silence ended
Seven angels, heavensent, descended,
Seven trumpets bearing, to renew
The sounds of life, and bring to view
The sights and symbols yet ordained
For teaching, ere the end be gained.
Then, with a golden censer came
An angel, near the altar-flame ;
To whom much incense was assigned
That he should offer it, defined

As saintly prayers before the throne,
With altar-fire that God will own.
Seven angels next prepared to sound,
Showing how prayers of faith abound
To manifest Heaven's sevenfold wonders ;
Heralded, on their way, by thunders,
Lightnings and voices, hail and fire
Together brought, for funeral pyre.
First, by the earthquake's cleaving might
One third of Nature sank from sight :
At second trump, a burning mountain
Cast into Ocean's teeming fountain,
Transformed its waters into blood :
One third of creatures in its flood
Then perished in the deadly wave
And found therein a poisoned grave.
One third of ships were then destroyed,
And all was left a seething void.
Next in the course of portents fell
A burning star from heaven fell,
Envenoming the deadly stream
That slays its victims while they dream :
Rightly called " Wormwood " was that star,
Whose bitter influence reached so far.
With the fourth angel's fearful sound
The orbs of light, in darkness drowned,
Yielded to night their shining sway,

And daylight's third part fled away :
Then I beheld and heard, and, lo ?
A flying angel uttered " Woe.
To earth's inhabitants confounded
By three more woes yet to be sounded."

(IX).

When for the fifth time rolled around
The heavenly walls, a trumpet sound
Meteor-like there fell to earth
A star that seemed of heavenly birth :
To whom was given a key to fit
The entrance of the fearful pit
Called bottomless ; and thereout broke,
When opened, a consuming smoke ;
Whilst from the pit a dire array
Of locusts issued, sent to slay
And to torment, yet not empowered
To injure those by God endowered,
Brow-marked with His approving seal,
And freed from woes transgressors feel.
Five months of torment were ordained
In which release shall not be gained
From death, however much desired—
'Twill flee from them and leave them fired
With scorpion fevers in their veins,
And no assuagement of their pains.
Horse-like in shape those locusts were:

With face of man, and with the hair
Of women ; they were golden-crowned ;
Had lions' teeth, and with the sound
Of rushing chariots by their wings
Awakened. In their tails were stings
Like those of scorpions : deadly skill
Was theirs to hurt, torment and kill.
A king was given them, whose name
Was " Angel of the pit of flame."
One woe thus past, behold ! two more
Were on the earth their wrath to pour.
With the sixth trumpet-sound was heard
A voice that gave the ordering word
Loose the four angels of the river
The great Euphrates, and deliver
One-third of men for time assigned
A pre-appointed death to find.
Two hundred thousand thousand horse
Went forth to kill, without remorse
The third of evil-doing men
And cast them in the slaughtering den,
Where unrepentant reprobates
Await their overwhelming fates.
Thus by those awful hosts were slain
A third of that rebellious train
Who worship idols, self, and sin,
And stubbornly persist therein.

(X).

Another mighty angel then,
Clothed with a cloud, came down to men :
A rainbow lighted on his head,
And sunbeams on his visage shed
Superb effulgence, while his feet
Glowed fiery-pillar-like, with heat.
A little book was in his hand ;
On earth and sea he took his stand,
And, with a lion's voice, he cried,
With seven-fold thunder-tones allied.
I then prepared myself to write,
Yet paused, because forbidden quite
By voice from heaven which bade me seal
The things the thunders would reveal.
And then that standing angel swore
That things of Time should be no more,
But in the days when mysteries
Prophetic pass to histories.
Then spake the voice from heaven again—
Arise ! the little book to gain !
Eat it, and bitter shall it be
(E'en as the fatal upas tree)
Within thee, though as honey sweet
When first thy palate it shall greet.
Lastly, he said, Thou yet must go

The coming future to foreshow
Before the peoples, tongues and kings
Concerned in these mysterious things.

(XI).

Then there was given me a reed
With mandate that I should proceed
To take the Temple's measurements,
Together with its part-contents
In preparation for the signs
Preceding God's ordained designs
On Sodom, where was crucified
The Paschal Lamb who bled and died
That dwellers upon earth might sing
And joy in their Redeeming King.
Anon God's Spirit entered them
And gave them power to condemn
And terrify the smitten foe
While thus was passed the second woe.
Next there were voices great in heaven
Ushering the trumpet number seven,
That perfect number which, completed,
Shall bring the day when Christ reseated
Upon the throne He once resigned
To work salvation for mankind
Shall have the apotheosis

Due to a Being crowned with bliss
None but a God supreme can merit,
Or bear such glory to inherit.
And then arose that thrilling song,
Earth's kingdoms now to Christ belong,
And He shall reign for evermore.
Then fell the elders twenty-four
Prostrate, Jehovah to adore,
And thank the Lord whose power confest
Giveth his Saints eternal rest.

(XII.)

Wonders in heaven next were shown
Surpassing words that speech hath known ;
Presaging things of mystery
Ordained to end in history;
In heaven a deadly war was waged,
Michael's all-conquering hosts engaged
With the fierce Dragon's fallen legions,
Now banished to their nether regions.
Then said a heavenly voice, Salvation
Is now brought forth for every nation,
And earth shall save the Mother mild
From foes who hate her Heaven-born Child.

(XIII.)

I stood upon the Ocean-sand,

And saw a beast arise to land ;
Seven were his heads, and ten his horns
While each of them a crown adorns :
Upon his heads abhorrent names
Of blasphemy and other shames
Sat rampant in their bold defiance
Of saints, and all who hold alliance
With things of righteousness and weal,
And all who have the holy seal.
One of his heads a scar revealed
A scar of deadly wound now healed :
To him the dragon gave his power
To war with saints, and hour by hour
To torture them with fiercest hate
Till firm endurance must abate.
Yet only those with names not written
In life's great volume could be smitten.
Another beast was seen arising
Out of the earth, with gifts surprising,
Insisting, like the former beast,
That none should henceforth be released
From bondage of the deepest dye,
Save those content his mark to buy,
And on their foreheads to affix
The fatal number six—six—six.

(XIV.)

A Lamb, with his twelve thousand times
Twelve thousand, sealed for heavenly climes,
Stood on Mount Sion's holy height,
A wondrously imposing sight ;
And then, like many waters, sounding
Voices and harpings all abounding
In music's thunders struck the ear
And woke the echoes far and near,
With a new song that none could learn
Save guileless ones that could discern
And catch the well-tuned pitch of chords
Fitted to utter heaven's own lauds.
No discord likely thence to rise,
Or mar the concert of the skies.

Another angel's voice was heard
Ordained by the Eternal Word
To preach the love of God to all,
And teach men at His feet to fall
In worship all sincere and pure,
The only worship to endure
When all false prophets shall be slain,
Never to kill with lies again.

Another angel yet was heard,
And he, in order, was the third,
His mission was to caution men

Against the Great Destroyer's den,
Whose smoking torments rage and roar
From lake of fire without a shore.
Then came that all-consoling voice,
That makes each faithful soul rejoice,
Bidding me write, Blest are the dead
Who, dying, rest the drooping head
On their dear Lord's sustaining breast,
And ever from their labours rest :
Whose works, accepted, follow them,
And form their jewelled diadem.

Then on a fleecy cloud one sat
Like to the Son of man, whereat
With Him angelic reapers wrought
Till earth's ripe harvest-grapes were brought
Into God's wine-press to be cast
And trodden while his wrath shall last.
Another sign in heaven I saw,
Great, marvellous, and full of awe :
A sea of molten glass it seemed
On which, unhurt, the legions gleamed
Of those victorious o'er the beast
And from his whilom mark released,
With harp and voice the heavenly throng
Rejoiced in one triumphant song.

(XV.)

Seven angels from the temple sent
To their appointed functions went ;
Vials of judgment in their hands,
To be poured out on guilty lands.

(XVI.)

The first outpouring caused to fall
A grievous malady on all
Who bore the image of the beast,
And had not from his worship ceased.
The second, poured on ocean-tide,
So wrought that all its creatures died.
The third transformed the crystal flood
Of rivers into crimson blood,
Due drink for the bloodthirsty foes
Who to the death God's saints oppose.

Upon the sun the fourth was poured—
With seven-fold heat his furnace roared;
Consuming men who would be burned
Rather than from their deeds be turned.
With the fifth vial, darkness reigned
And tongues, with untold anguish pained,
Were gnawed, without one moment's rest
From torture harrowing the breast.
The sixth outpouring dried the source

Of great Euphrates' river-course,
Paving the way for Eastern kings
To seek in vain for living springs.

Three unclean spirits then arose,
Three devils, workers of our woes ;
Issuing from the dragon's mouth—
Mouth of the beast—and from the mouth
Of the false prophet ; workers three
With the infernal powers that be.
Kings of the earth they go to win,
For the last warfare to begin ;
When raging legions from the pit
Tired with their folly, hope to sit
As victors on that battle-day,
When Truth alone shall hold the sway.
Meanwhile there came a warning word—
And this is what my spirit heard—
“ All unexpectedly to some,
And as a thief, behold I come.”

Blessed is he whose watchful care
Keepeth his garments pure and fair ;
He shall walk shameless in the throng
Of victors as they pass along.

The seventh angel next poured out
His vial, and there came a shout
From heaven's battlements that broke
Earth's pillars by an earthquake stroke

Such as had never once been felt
Since mortals on earth's surface dwelt.
A voice then uttered, "It is done—
This dispensation's race is run."
Then every island fled away ;
No mountain on its base could stay ;
And driving hail, all force repelling,
Made clearance for man's future dwelling.

(XVII.)

An angel guide then summoned me
Into the wilderness, to see,
A woman marked with names of shame
Such as her harlotries proclaim.
One name was "Mystery" announced ;
Another, "Babylon," denounced
For pride and lying wonders doomed
With the dead past to be entombed.
Then, hideous sight!—in drunken state
With blood of saints insatiate
I saw the woman, and was told
The marvel in that sight enrolled.

Seven heads are kings on mountains seven,
Opposed unto the King of Heaven :
Ten horns are kings whose coming mission
Is for the beast to work perdition,
That he and all his powers may flee

When the Lamb's saints shall victors be—
When e'en the harlot shall be hated
And God's pure will be reinstated.

(XVIII.)

Then Babylon, for all her crimes
Which outraged earth's remotest climes
Was, by an angel from the skies,
Down-trodden, never more to rise.

(XIX.)

Heaven's alleluias then arose
To drown the wails of fallen foes.
Now had arrived the marriage-day
When to his Bride the Lamb would say,
"Come, my beloved ! thou art mine,
Myself I gave thee ! I am thine !"
Then spake a voice that bade me write :
"Blest are the guests, enrobed in white,
Called to the Supper of the Lamb—"
Taking it for the Great "I AM"
Thus speaking, prostrate at his feet
I fell to worship—indiscreet
Error it was, and graciously
He showed his fellowship with me
In service of the Trinity.
Then heaven opened, and I saw

A horse pure white without a flaw,
And on him sat, right royally,
One to be worshipped loyally.
His eyes were as a flame of fire
Well lighting all his hymning choir ;
And on His head were many crowns—
Many, because they were the crowns
By worshippers adoring thrown,
And those right noble ones His own.
He had a vesture dipped in blood
Witnessing of that cleansing flood
Flowing from that Self-Sacrifice,
Which for all faithful shall suffice
To crown them with Eternal Life,
And banish sorrow, death, and strife.
As King of Kings, and Lord of Lords
(The highest title Heaven accords)
This Glorious One was duly named,
And Universal homage claimed.
Then all who had against Him warred
Proclaimed Him Everlasting Lord ;
Whilst birds of prey and fires of hell
Consumed the flesh of those who fell.

(XX.)

An angel from the heavenly band
Descended with a chain in hand ;

And for a thousand years he bound
Satan, whose place must not be found
Till the Millennial Season cease,
And he from bondage find release ;
Then, upon thrones of judgment seated,
Avengers of the evil treated
Pass sentence on the wailing host
Who make iniquity their boast.
Now, for a thousand years of joy,
For Christ's disciples who employ
Their lives and talents to fulfil
Their heavenly stewardship until
The reckoning-day, when He shall ask
How each one hath performed his task.
Thrice happy they whose trusting hearts
Urged them, in love, to act their parts,
From rebel doubt and sordid fear,
Pleased a devoted course to steer.
To servants who such course have run,
What bliss to hear their Lord's "*Well done !*"

And here the Great Prophetic Word
Passes from things that have occurred,
To speak of wonders yet to come,
Yielding of all the final sum.
A second resurrection, and
A second death, not yet at hand
Are in the mystic future named

In the New Heaven to be proclaimed.
Next in this prophecy divine
Scenes of seraphic beauty shine :
To these, while waiting for the end,
Be it our joy an ear to lend.
The closing scenes of Revelation
Are now set forth for meditation.

(XXI.)

I, John, the Holy City saw
Descend from Heaven, without a flaw,
In all her lovely radiance clad ;
Spouse of the Bridegroom, making glad
All nations, now in bliss to dwell,
Since He who doeth all things well
Cometh from heaven with man to stay,
For former things are passed away.
Suffering and pain no longer known,
For ever driven from the throne
Of Him who maketh all things new,
And bringeth only joy to view.
The Alpha and Omega now
Is coming to enrich the brow
Of his fair Bride with matchless gems
From his own costly diadems.
The heir of all things, and my son
Is he who victory's path hath run

Declared by oracles Divine.—
Then spake an angel from the skies
“Come hither, and I’ll show to thee
The Bride eternally to be
Wife of the throned Redeemer now
The King to whom all creatures bow
Of things in heaven and things on earth
And things possessing any worth.

On spirit-wings he carried me
The New Jerusalem to see,
God’s glory gave her dazzling light :
Her walls and gates were passing bright :
Rubies and diamonds were there :
Her streets were gold, and the breathed air
Left no impurity behind,
Earth’s blemished past to call to mind.
With equal length and breadth and height
The jewelled walls reflected light,
From North to South, from East to West
Twelve tribes of Israel were blest.
Twelve gates of pearl enriched the walls,
And entrance gave to Sion’s halls,
No temple did I see therein,
No sun nor moon to shine within.
God was the temple, God the light
Of that assembly, clothed in white.
It is a realm of endless day

From whence all shadows flee away.
There nothing enters to defile
The dwellers in that blissful Isle.
Oh ! to be entered in that Book
Of Life wherein the soul may look
And in ecstatic vision see
Herself enrolled eternally !
A dweller in that home Divine,
Where all palatial riches shine !

(XXII.)

Then I was shown a river pure,
Life-giving, and of ill the cure :
Torrent, to drown all things accurst ;
A crystal rill for all athirst.
What more enchanting sight or sound
Than in such rippling streams abound !
Oh ! joy, at such a fount to lave
One's wings, and float on glassy wave !
Oh ! joy, to be admitted where
Those healing streams and orchards bear
Immortal fruits, for evermore
To bless New Eden's golden shore !
Blessed is he who seeks to look
And keep the sayings of this book.
To him 'tis said " I quickly come "
The Spirit and the Bride say " Come ! "

And whoso heareth, let him come,
And freely take the living waters
That flow for Sion's sons and daughters.

THE RAINBOW.

The rainbow-hues were in the flowers
Before they perished in the showers
That washed a sin-stained world away,
Once, and but once, for ever.

The sun in pity shot a ray
His beauteous children to portray
In colours fading never.
The God who made both sun and rain
Was pleased and said that ne'er again
Should floods his handiwork efface :

Yet He reserved a store
Of cleansing fires prepared to chase
Corruption from Creation's face

When Time shall be no more.
And earth now carries in her womb
Volcanic lava for the doom
Of fiery deluge that shall burst

In fury all-consuming,
Devouring everything accurst
By envy hatched wherewith to worst
God's sons in their presuming.

Now we await the Lord's decree—
Children of Adam yet shall see,
And see, in vision all aglow
That Evil hath a Master.
Lo! in the cloud I set my bow,
Picture of all bright things below
Healer of all disaster.
The charming flowers, the beautiful creatures
The noble souls, the lovely features,
That made earth's paradise so bright
Shall shine again all-glorious,
And with the sun's pure rays unite
In realms of rapturous delight
O'er Death and Hell victorious.

A CROWN FROM CALVARY.

"Lamentation and mourning and woe"
Must they always embitter our days?
Whence come they, and when will they go?
Have the sunbeams no heavenly rays?
Oh! banish such pessimist views
Despair not, O, suppliant soul!
The power that all evil subdues
Is mighty the worst to control.
Remember the penitent thief,

And how he prevailed with his God
To open the gate of relief
From the Cherubim's fiery rod.
He had but to loathe his misdeeds,
And to trust in the King by his side,
A King who could meet all the needs
Of the subjects who in Him confide.
And now the confiding petition
Is heard by the Prince of all Grace—
O Lord! in thy kingly condition
Remember to grant me a place.
Thou answered the Suffering Martyr—
In Paradise thou shalt receive
This day the life-giving Charter
Of souls that repent and believe.
Oh! blest are the children who lose not
Their faith in the promised Messiah.
And in darkest distresses refuse not
To own him their Nation's Desire.
"Forasmuch as he also" is one
Whose discernment, though darkened by sin,
Betokens him Abraham's Son
A crown of the faithful to win.
He saw, in the agonized brow
Of his Kingly companion in pain
The splendour of crowns that endow
The wearer with fitness to reign.

To reign as the King Universal
Of angels unfallen and pure ;
And of mortals whose happy reversal
Of their death-doom His merits secure.
Oh ! well may those merits transcending
Rejoice the Great Sufferer's soul,
And yield Him all homage unending.
For supremacy nought can control !

THE UNCOMMENCING AND THE
UNENDING.

"Eternity," a man of Science said,
'I do believe is but a ball of thread !"
His wife, who always thought he was the man
Wiseest of mortals since the world began,
Approved his notion, and set forth with him
To test the truth or error of his whim.
Their first desideratum was a ball
Of string sufficient to encompass all
Our globe's circumference, and measure height
And fathom depth eluding mortal sight.
But this large order they were forced to waive
And try the cable of th' Atlantic wave.

That useful implement they knew full well
Might help their search for news from heaven or h—l
So, being of one mind, as such should be,
Each took a header in the nearest sea,
Intent on meeting at the other end,
The two extremes in one huge coil to blend.
This, they conceived, would lead to information
As to the nature of that vast formation
Men call Eternity, with faintest notion
Of what it was before its boundless ocean
Received its first small drop to set it going,
And keep it everlastingly on-flowing ;
From nothing unto nothing rolling, rolling.
'Tis but to find a measuring line controlling
All space and all enumeration,
And we shall learn the *secret* of duration
Leaving *conjecture* to the puzzled senses
Of such explorers as enjoy pretences.
Our gifted pair are on their voyage still—
Let's wish that no mishap their hope may kill.

TARES AND WHEAT

“ I don't profess to be a saint,”
Says one—and yet, without profession,

To *be* one, free from falsehood's taint,
Must surely be a rich possession
Too potent for the flippant sneer
Of evil doers to efface
From man's regard what men revere,
And must esteem in every place.
Consider what this world would be
Without the salt that sweetens all,
And purifies the tainted sea
Where else corruption's breath would fall.
Let false pretenders go their way,
But do not blame the pure in heart,
Because dissemblers preach and pray,
Yet play the hypocrite's vile part.
There shall be harvesting at last,
Garners for wheat shall then be found ;
Tares in consuming fires be cast,
And wheat in golden sheaves be bound.
Then will eternally be known
What saintship means, in all its truth ;
And righteousness shall reign alone,
The crown of age, the guide of youth.

THE END OF THE WORLD

Some think the world is growing old,
And that its tale will soon be told,
Others await the trumpet-sound
To call the sleepers from the ground
In resurrection garb to rise :—
Deeming that course more truly wise
Than painting, in prophetic tone,
Scenes that the eye of God alone
Can recognise within the veil,
Where even angel eyes would fail
To read the mystery aright,
Hidden from all created sight.

One thing for virgin souls remains,
To trim the lamp of life with pains,
And see that, with the midnight call
“The Bridegroom cometh” one and all
May be prepared to enter in
And with invited guests to win
(Before the wedding-chamber portals
Be closed on sad belated mortals)
A place of beatific joy
Ever to last, without alloy.

Here we may leave the doubtful quest
To those who will not let it rest,

Content if we can better use
Our time than squander it on views
Beyond our power to regulate
Our vision to the unseen state.
It is not easy to conceive
What good is gained, if we believe
The day is nigh or still remote,
Which every eye shall duly note.
All that beseems us now to say
Is, that the King is on His way,
And may surprise us any day.

“MY WORD SHALL NOT PASS AWAY,”
(Matt. xxxiv. 35.)

Not one jot and not one tittle
Of my word shall pass away;
All things great and all things little
Yield to its unbounded sway.
Thus we read and so we find it
Though the prophecy be old.
Ages pass, and ages find it
Fadeless fact we still behold.
Who could venture an assertion
So astounding, save a god
Sure of crushing all aspersion
When he deigns to use his rod!

Kiss the Son, in reverence lowly,
Lest ye perish from the way
His Divinity, most holy,
Now confess in this thy day,
Then with all thy doubtings ending
Thou the Son of Man shalt see
Light and peace to you extending,
Owned thy King eternally.
Quit the ranks of unbelievers,
Trust the Word that speaks to-day:
Flee the paths of self-deceivers,
Turn not from thy Life away.

BRAVING THE CURSE.

“ON ME BE THY CURSE, MY SON”

(Gen. xxvii. 13.)

What wild desire, what will perverse
Can urge a soul to brave a curse?
“On me thy curse” said Jacob’s mother—
“Only obey—supplant thy brother.”

O scheming woman! hadst thou known
Before thou madest that curse thine own,
The torturing taste of the venomous draught
So anxiously sought, so ruthlessly quaffed,
We may well suppose thou wouldst have paused,
Ere seeking the woe thy treachery caused!

"HIS BLOOD BE ON US AND ON OUR
CHILDREN" (Matt. xxvii. 25.)

Another unholy desire fulfilled !
When Abraham's sons their Messiah killed.
Had they known the full force of blasphemous speeches,
Or pondered the lesson that sacrilege teaches,
They might have considered too dearly bought
Their triumph o'er Pilate's worthier thought.
O sorrowing Hebrews ! once blinded with pride
"The King of the Jews" ye must cease to deride ;
For over the Heaven-illumed hill
His kingly glory is lingering still.

"BE CAREFUL FOR NOTHING" (Phil. iv. 5 and 6).

Be careful for nothing—the Lord is at hand !
He ruleth supreme o'er the sea and the land !
The wrongs and the cruelties practised by men
Are lions pacific with Christ in the den.
Past all understanding there's infinite peace
For those who from ways of iniquity cease :
The God-fearing warrior resigning his breath,
And true to his trust amidst carnage and death ;
The desolate widow, the fatherless child,
May smile at commotions, though never so wild,

When, lifting the eye of their faith, they behold
The crown that awaits them, bejewelled and gold.
'Twill enrich them with youth when time shall expire,
And gild them with radiance passing desire,
Their sorrows departed, their spirits at rest,
There's nothing before them but life with the blest.

So be careful of nothing except to give praise
To our King and Redeemer, "*The Ancient of Days.*"

RECOMPENCE AND VENGEANCE.

God gives the first—man may not take the second ;
For history proves the error that hath reckoned
"Revenge is sweet" whilst "a more excellent way"
St. Paul hath pointed out. So, in our day
Duellists and their seconds are not viewed
As worldly wise even as those imbued
With Christian principles, who meekly take
Wrongs and affronts till Justice shall awake,
And teach the tyrant that his way perverse
Is one vice regal Conscience will reverse,
And make him all-remorseful for the deed
That made a fellow creature's heart to bleed.

"Heap coals of fire" upon your foeman's head
Return him good for evil, till he shed
Tears more embittered than they would have been
Could he your noble vengeance have foreseen.

And yet, beware your motive for enduring
Be not the plaudits of vain men securing,
Nor for a moment fall into the snare
Of sheathing warfare's sword when laying it bare
Is no less stern a duty than to sheath it
When vanquished rebels are subdued beneath it.
Be it remembered Justice hath her rights
Which will be claimed on whomsoever slights
The duty of maintaining in the State
Obedience to the powers that legislate.

STUMBLING BLOCKS OF INIQUITY.

(Ezekiel xiv.)

Four sore judgments—famine, sword,
Pestilence and noisome beast,
Wait the mandate of the Lord
On the earth to be released.

Cast each stumbling block aside,
Ere awakes avenging woe,
Idol worship, greed and pride
Work the City's overthrow—

Overthrow not even ten

Righteous souls might ransom give :
Only three approved men—
Noah, Daniel, Job should live.

When iniquities abound,
Priest and Prophet gone astray,
Let the watchmen promptly sound
Notes of warning while 'tis day.

Scenes of horror in the night
Evil forms intensify,
And deserters from the right
Vainly seek from doom to fly.

Swiftly, surely, strikes the rod ;
Useless every coat of mail
When the warriors of God
Ranks of evil shall assail.

Ere the foemen reach the gate
Shun the sins that bring them there :
Turn again, O Church and State !
Foul shall then give place to fair.

Then the Lord himself will turn,

Bidding his fierce anger cease,
For his kind compassions yearn
Penitents to bless with peace.

“I HEARD THY VOICE IN THE GARDEN
AND I WAS AFRAID” (Gen. iii. 10).

Fearest thou thy Father's voice
In the garden of His love?
Pray for meetness to rejoice
Near the sapphire throne above.
Banished from fair Eden's bowers,
Love still opens thee a way
To escape malignant powers,
And o'er evil win the day.
In the trying wilderness
See the second Adam stand:
Learn of Him in thy distress
How to win the Promised Land.
“Get thee hence,” deceiving Foe!
“Man must worship God alone,”
To escape from bitter woe,
Wilful sin he must disown.
Seeking pardon through Thy blood,
Loving Saviour of the lost!
He must find corruption's flood

Left behind at any cost.
Faith, without the deeds of faith,
Only mockery can be :
Hearest thou what Scripture saith ?
God and mammon can't agree !
Earthly kingdoms may be thine—
But the price ? Oh heed it well !
Only " if thou wilt be mine,"
Saith the reigning Prince of Hell !
Count the cost and cast aside
Every self-deceiving mask :
Cease from worldliness and pride—
Surely not a hopeless task !
Seek the Comforter Divine,
And thy haven thou shalt gain ;
With His hand of love in thine,
Thou wilt stem the raging main.

"LET PATIENCE HAVE HER PERFECT
WORK" (James i. 4).

Can we work while we surrender,
And, in patience cease to strive ?
Doth not hope deferred engender
Death of all that keeps alive
Heart and will to work at all,

When in helplessness we fall ?
Active powers indeed may falter,
Suffering for loss of health ;
Yet the spirit needs not alter
Its demand for moral wealth :
For, when patience learns to yield,
Evil's ranks will claim the field.
Can there be a service harder
For a warrior set aside,
Yet endowed with noble ardour
Obstacles to over-ride ?
Service done with fettered hands
More than common skill demands.
Watching, praying, trusting, bearing
Patiently the lingering strife,
Works like those shall end in wearing
Crowns that mark heroic life.
Patience hath her perfect work
When her sons no duty shirk.

RHYMES AND REASONINGS
POLITICS IN THE PULPIT. (No. 1).

In Pulpits *politics* should not be heard ;
And yet for *policy* God's Holy Word
Should be commended as the only guide

For men to follow when they would decide
On what to base their principles of life ;
Ignoring erring modes of party strife.
“ If any man lack wisdom let him ask
Of God who giveth rules for every task.”
Tories or Whigs who would be right at last,
Nail all your colours to the Admiral’s mast !

VENOMOUS SCRIBBLERS, (No. 2).

Writers who dip their pens in gall
Intent on counteracting all
The wholesome morals good men preach,
Let them beware they do not teach
Fair Virtue’s warriors how to grow
(E’en with the weapons of the foe)
Triumphant in the art sarcastic
Which aims, by mere derision drastic,
Instead of truth, to gain the day,
To all such scribblers let me say,
Theirs is a game that *two* can play !

MEEKNESS APART FROM WEAKNESS. (No. 3)

Let not meekness sink to weakness
Neither “ bear the sword in vain,”

Discipline is not a sin
Till it causeth needless pain.
Can the rightful prove delightful
When marauders take the prey?
Meet the spoilers with the foilers
Made for driving them away.
Good and Evil; God and Devil,
Are the sides from which to choose:
Ere enlisting, be insisting
That the right ye never lose.

“IN THE BEGINNING” (Genesis I. 1).

Word of boundless mystery!
Souls created ne’er can be
Gifted with a comprehension
Of Thine infinite dimension.
Dating backward, to the starting,
Forward, to the coming parting
Of the elements of earth
Out of which God called to birth
All Creation’s wondrous plan;—
First the angel, then the man,
Creatures of that Vast Inventor,
Who of all is Sun and centre.
Can the finite ever know

Whence Infinity doth flow?
Could we hear and understand
Till new faculties at hand
Gave us the mature perception
Needed for its due reception?
Predecessor of "First Cause"
Pre-ordaining Nature's Laws,
First and Last; the Never-ending
Past and Present ever blending!
Who expects an embryo
Coming destiny to know?
Who could bear th' electric glory
Opening a way before Thee,
Should'st thou deign a visitation,
Bringing with Thee information
Touching mystery, ere we gain
Power to bear its mental strain?—
All our safety lies in this—
Gratefully to take the bliss
Thou, our Master, dost bestow;
Nor, rebellious, ask to know
More than—"Hearken to My voice;
"So, my son, shalt thou rejoice
"In my inexhaustive mercies;
"And escape chastising curses
"Such as thy first parents felt,
"When at Evil's shrine they knelt."

RUBBING THE GILT OFF GINGERBREAD.

Busy writer ! why so spiteful ?
If we think the gilt delightful,
Why should you our pleasure grudge,
And its fair complexion smudge ?
Is not gold the Eldorado ?
Are not glitter and bravado,
Paints and patches, rouge and pads
Helpers to whatever adds
Charm to people "up-to-date ;"
Heedless that their grand estate
Quicksand like, beneath their feet
Sinks and cuts off their retreat ?
Gilt from gingerbread withdrawn,
Leaves poor pomp a thing of scorn :
Therefore reckon midst your friends
Him who this safe rule commends—
Seek alone *intrinsic* merit
As the good you would inherit :
Glass and gilt will never pay,
Let them glitter as they may ;
Diamonds and gold alone
Wary valuers will own.

THE CITY OF ABOMINATIONS.

In the great city of abominations
Two sorts of citizens together dwell ;
The one sort happy, in their own devices,
Contemners of Divine and human laws :
The other, saddened by the hateful doings,
The wrongs and cruelties of wicked men.

Now, happy ones ! Beware ! And ye, Oh souls
Pained by the sights and sounds ye see and hear ;
Lift up the tearful eye to where the sun
Pours light and balm into your darkened hearts,
And listen to the words of benediction.

'Twill not be always dark ; the day will come
When mourners shall be comforted, for on
Their radiant brows the ministers of doom
Shall see the seal¹ exempting them from woe ;
And pass them by, as in the days of old
When Egypt's plagues chastised her stricken sons.
Thus spake The Voice upon the Holy Mount :—
Blessed are they that mourn, and they that thirst
For righteousness, and for the casting forth
Of all the idols that defile the land :
And what are they ? you ask—Here are a few ;
A Nation whose Chief Pastors seem afraid
To censure their subordinates who flout

¹Ezek. ix. 4.

The teaching of Reformers, and, with scorn
Demand, What is a Protestant?—Not he,
Ordained a priest of Rome, who can't forbear
To mock the Papacy, yet take its pay,
And undermine the Church that he has sworn
Before his Maker zealously to guard.

But this is only one abomination ;
Others there are, imperilling the city
Where such dissemblers dwell. So turn we now
To haughty, frivolous and callous hearts
Whose dire self-love shuts out all holy care
For suffering brethren, while it dares the wrath
Jehovah to His prophet hath declared
Shall to all evil doers ruin work.

O reckless citizens ! 'twere well to pause
On this your downward course ! Let worshippers
Of God, in Jesus Christ, wherever found,
Nor Church nor Chapel-men alone, but all
Who name the Saviour's name, awake and walk
In paths of righteousness and peace, enjoying
Their Gospel liberty, yet using not
That liberty for tampering with sin
In thought, or word, or deed : So shall they be
The sons of God, blameless and forehead-marked
With their Redeeming King's imprimatur ;
The really blest in Time ; the salt of earth ;
The joy of Heaven, and of its blissful hosts.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

The slumbering hosts of Egypt woke one night
To look upon an all-appalling sight :
The first-born of each family lying prone
Before the Avenging Angel's ebon throne !
Then what an agonising scream arose—
Cry of a Nation in its mortal throes.
Proud Pharoah then forgot his impious vaunt,
No longer does he ask, with sneering taunt,
“Who is the Lord? that I should send away
My bondsmen at his bidding? let them pray
And hold their feast at home, for I know not
Their God, nor will I mitigate their lot.
My officers shall cease to find them straw
For making brick, yet shall they duly draw
The daily tale of work as heretofore,
Though seeking for themselves the needed store
Where they can find it of sufficing stubble
Wherewith to operate.” Here then was trouble
For Israel's children. But the end draws near :
God's servants are not always doomed to fear
The cruelties of tyrants ; they but last
Until permitted tyrannies are past,
Having fulfilled the purposes all-wise
Of Him who biddeth good from ill to rise.
Thus Pharoah found his Master, after pests

Of twelve-fold power. Subservient requests
Granted, yet most ungratefully received
Seemed but to render him more self-deceived—
Case-hardened into fancying Jehovah
Would still continue meekly to pass over
His creatures' heaven-defying self-assertion,
And never draw the sword of due coercion.
Not so—In dead of night that sword flashed out
And put insane contemners to the rout.

A memorable night for slumbering hosts !
Were their dreams peaceful? No, for slaughtered ghosts
More horrible than fancy can portray,
Walked forth from house to house and snatched away
The cherished first-born of each homestead ; yea,
Of cattle too : these piled up the array
Of carcases to taint the coming day.

That midnight cry of Egypt still is heard
In echoes from the Everlasting Word
Which Earth's Redeemer once for all hath said,
Abideth ever until Time be dead,
And the veiled Future kindle into light
That, met too soon, would immolate the sight.

THE HEREDITY PROVERB.

The seeming injustice of the children's teeth being
set on edge through the fathers having eaten sour grapes

is removed (Ezekiel xviii, 3), and both fathers and children are now left answerable for their individual conduct alone.

(See the whole chapter, which cuts the ground from under cavillers, objectors, and scoffers).

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

What is Poetry? Romance set to music.

What is Romance? Truth in fancy costume.

What is fancy? The Brain delirious.

What is Sobriety? Moderation in all things.

What is Passion? Unwholesome fever heat.

What is Stagnation? A fixed situation. But ere you remove it, be sure to improve it.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THY GATES.

Aliens seeking naturalization should remember that they have no inherent right to expect national privilege, on the one hand, and exemption from the Nation's laws, on the other. It remains for people who traverse this statement to show upon what foundation their opposition rests. Therefore it seems the duty of Christian Governments to enforce obedience to the Ten Commandments and the secular laws which are founded thereon. The stranger within the gate, who would call this tyrannical, is not obliged to enter in, but may stop outside as long

as he pleases ; but let him not expect to obtain privilege and refuse obedience in the same breath; for *what is* tyranny if *that be not* ?

For a case in point. The English laws requiring Sunday Closing and Sabbath Observance ought to be fully enforced for the comfort of those to whom Continental Sabbaths are an affliction. Traders and Entertainers, indoors and out of doors, whose doings dishonour God and disquiet their neighbour should not be allowed to carry on their week-day processes in either of such directions. They may take their choice of remaining outsiders, if they do not like interference with their behaviour when, for their own pleasure (and nobody else's,) they seek admission " within the gates."

AUTHENTICITY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

WHAT forger, or company of forgers could have had either motive or capacity for such a mass of accumulated deception as the Bible brings to view, supposing, for the sake of argument only, that it be indeed untruthful? To begin with, human motives must result from propensities favouring evil, on the one hand, or good, on the other: neutrality there cannot be, any more than there can be movement without propulsion. Then, if we are to understand that the motive for Biblical forgery is the furtherance of iniquity, how is it tha

evil-doers, instead of fostering the Bible, are its deadliest enemies, ever doing their utmost to get rid of it? Is it not more supposable that their animosity arises from its condemnation of evil, thereby proving its truthfulness?

Again, the Book is thousands of years old, and is being verified to this day by the world's history, and by the actions of men from first to last. Truly, there were giants of intellect in those days, who could reckon upon the duration and the impregnability of their statements in spite of the facility by which facts can be proved and falsehoods exposed.

Furthermore, could these primitive deceivers, by any possibility of guess-work, have made announcements that successive ages would verify? Could they prophecy that a day would come when God should take human form, and quote their words, recommend their diligent study, and found His doctrines thereon?—That he would also make disciples who, to the end of time, should teach the world its origin and destiny, as portrayed in those venerable writings; influencing for good the teeming myriads arrayed against evil, and furnished with such invincible weapons for subduing it? Common sense forbids the notion!

Thus far in the direction of shewing the utter inadequacy of any *motive* for falsifying the records of things past, present, and to come. Then, as to the

capacity for fabricating such superhuman literature. What single mind could have conceived (in our world's infancy, too) hidden matters of history, prophecy, and experience? And what miracle could have brought banded deceivers into agreement as to ways and means for accomplishing a fraud of no apparent utility, having neither clear motive nor intelligent cohesion? Truly the believer in such a stupendous miracle as that should be able to accept every miracle of the Bible with child-like simplicity and reverence.

RETRIBUTION.

LET no one cherish the delusive hope of escaping retribution after indulging in wrong doing. The one follows the other as surely and as systematically as night follows day. If it were not so, what room would there be for the compensations so generally desired by sufferers from wrongs and misfortunes? Justice demands that whatever is put into one scale shall be balanced by what is put in the other. Whether mischief be done by wilfulness or by mere thoughtlessness, penalty must be paid, though it may be heavier in one case than in the other. Remorse for malicious wrongs ;—sorrowing tears for those resulting from heedlessness or haste.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

WHEN shall we get rid of Party Government—that school-boy game of “follow my leader?” Not until people cease to harp on those two discordant strings of “Classes and Masses”: and not until the entire mass of sentient beings see the beauty of coalescing in one harmonious chord. Why cannot men emulate the skylark’s music, soaring heavenward and leaving the bleating and bellowing of sheep and oxen to the groundlings who find pleasure therein? Oh, for rational beings capable of acting on their own convictions; and voting against measures that their conscience condemns! Of course we shall be told that such an aspiration is utopian. But is it so? At any rate let independent policy have a fair trial—every man his own leader—and see if there will not be less chance of misrule by the sitters on opposition benches, who waste their own time and that of the nation, in trying to prove that two and two make five, and that black may be white sometimes, and white occasionally black.

“OF NO REPUTATION” (Phil. ii. 7.)

WHAT shall we say of that August Being who could create worlds and redeem them from the hand of the

Enemy when that Enemy had flooded them with sin and death? What shall we say of such a Surpassing Being making Himself "of no reputation?" Truly we can only say that no one but the "Perfect God and Perfect man" could accomplish such a deed. For is it not a work beyond the power of any angel in heaven, or any hero of earth to achieve? What is reputation? There are two qualities, either of which, or both in combination that go to make reputation a thing the hankering after which is so difficult to withstand; namely, pride and selfishness—"Which of you convinceth me of sin?" said the Supreme Teacher,¹ when He laid aside His glory and dwelt among men. By implication, pride and selfishness are sinful in their nature, because they disobey the Bible precept "let each esteem other better than themselves." And where is the record of any sinful taint being found in our Gracious Saviour? When was He proud? Was He proud when He began to wash the feet of His disciples, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded? Scarcely so! When was He selfish? Surely not when He wept at the grave of Lazarus! And when He agonized on Calvary's Cross, by what possibility could selfishness have influenced his miraculous devotion to the interests of others? Oh man! for evermore soar higher than mere reputation, and seek

¹ John viii. 46.

the " more excellent way " of leaving that phantom to those who suppose it to be the very highest excellence.

POMP AND THE END THEREOF.

LIKE prismatically decorated air in a child's soap-bubble, it vanishes to nowhere on being too inconsiderately handled by inordinate admirers of its cheap attractions.

"THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH"

(Luke i. 78, 79).

The Day-spring from on high
Illumes each darkling sky ;
Consoles the slave,
Inspires the brave,
From carking care provides release,
And lights our feet to paths of peace.

What though the night be dark,
The Day-spring's kindling spark
Awakes the morn,
Of sunlight born :
Chases the tears of gloom away,
And gilds the wings of new-born day.

And till the sun expires,
Till quenched be its fires,
Its mantling smiles
Shall glad the isles
And wreath creation's heavenly face
With all her glorious Maker's grace.

Let no corroding care
Drive sufferers to despair—
The way to gain
Release from pain
Is not presumptuously to fly
Far from the Day-spring from on high,

Which might have brought thee peace,
Bidding the anguish cease,
Hadst thou but known
That hope alone,
And only *that* is left for thee—
All souls must bow to Heaven's decree.

'Tis true the body may
Be rashly cast away ;
Yet will the curse
Make matters worse
And bid the self-sought hell begin
In stripes for Heaven-defying sin.

AN ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

“Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.” (Heb. vi. 19).

Within the veil on surest ground,
Anchorage for the soul is found.
What is the veil? The veil is night :
Perpetual day fatigues the sight.
Within the veil, no night is there,
Because, transformed, the eye can bear
To look on the primeval sun,
And all his systems as they run,
Obediently from east to west,
To work their Lord's supreme behest.

Within the veil whence Moses sped,
The wondrous brightness round his head
Forbad the people's eye to gaze
Until a veil the blinding rays
Subdued to suit the earthborn glance
And shade it ere it might advance
To meet a splendour of the skies
Too bright for sublunary eyes.

Within the veil by Jesus torn
On the great Crucifixion Morn,
His true disciples pass to bliss,
Casting aside all plea but this—
The hope that anchors on the “Rock”

Of safety from the direst shock
Hell's warring powers can e'er create,
To wreck the heav'n-born soul's rich freight.

Within the veil! No human art
Hath power of pencil to impart
The faintest outline of the clime
Where dwell the souls we loved in Time—
Their dazzling radiance to portray,
Whilst, angel-winged, they track their way
To usher into heavenly birth
Their dear ones left awhile on earth.

Within the veil exists the life
That hath no sorrow, sin, nor strife:
There dwells the "Prince of Peace," and there
His chosen Bride, the Church, shall share
The glory of His regal throne,
Such as the Triune God alone
Can give to sons of Adam's race
Who seek in faith His saving grace.

Within the veil a hope we find
Steadfast against each stormy wind
That vainly strives to overthrow
The struggler plunged in waves of woe:—
The beacon light that cheers the soul
Of mariner when billows roll
May raise a hope that yet *may* fail—
Not so the hope "within the veil."

AMBITION.

To read one's name
On rolls of fame
Is not the best ambition ;
Some roads to fame
But lead to shame,
And possible perdition.

One path alone
Leads to a throne
Perennial in glory—
The "one thing needful"—
Of *this* be heedful,
Taught by the Sacred Story.¹

To emulate
The truly great,
Their virtues chiefly prizing,
Is to exceed,
In very deed,
Ambition's highest rising.

Dwellers on earth
Of loftiest worth
Are those of lowliest bearing ;

¹ Luke x. 42.

Absorbed in labours
More for their neighbours
Less for self-glory caring.

Since Adam's fall
Noblest of all
Was He whose self-effacement
Startled the day
To flee away
And hide in night's abasement.

No sun could brook
On Him to look,
Creator of Earth's wonders,
Enduring pains
While holding reins
Controlling Heaven's thunders.

Nor wealth nor fame
Should be our aim,
But likeness to our Master,
Who stooped so low
To banish woe
And triumph o'er disaster.

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Deut. XII. 23.

The blood is life, and when the breath
Of God departs, congeals in death.
For man a living soul remains
Only so long as through his veins
There circulates the glowing wave
That keeps the body from the grave.
No wonder, then, that laws divine
Guard sacredly the holy shrine
That Deity himself hath reared
Whereat the blood shall be revered:
For it hath plainly been decreed
The murderer himself shall bleed ;
And " powers that be " must never cease
To champion righteousness and peace ;
Without a moment's hesitation,
Avoiding tenfold desolation ;
Since those who bear the sword in vain
Augment the numbers of the slain.
War is a hateful thing, ' tis true,
A scourge to make wrongdoers rue
Their deeds of devilry, and God
Himself adopts it as His rod.
Hence Christian soldiers, when they yield
Their life-blood on the battle-field,

Are wreathed with never fading bays,
Honoured and loved through endless days.

BLEMISHED RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The prophet Balaam, of old,
With all his faults, resisted gold
And royal favour, for the sake
Of right, desiring to partake
Of endless joy at death's approach ;
Albeit meriting reproach
For aims perverse ; aspiring less
To live the life of righteousness
Than die the death of those whose days
Are passed in lifelong deeds of praise.
Still we may hope his aspiration
Would not be lost in condemnation.
In penalty for devious ways
He failed to live out all his days ;
Though possibly he did not fail
Of solace in death's darkling vale.
Redemption's Author, rich to bless,
Had wealth of His own righteousness,
And could impute from that great store
To one too weak to compass more
Than just obey, however sadly,

And do what he should have done gladly.

'Tis willing service makes the joy
That hath no blemish, no alloy.
The having kept a prophet's trust
May rank a prophet with the just ;
So may the son of Beor find
The hope of his poetic mind !

CEREMONIALS.

Is it uncharitable to ask if the pietists of our day will ever get beyond altar cloths, altercations, correct posture, social position, and whatsoever makes for "good form," and dubious ceremony?

WHAT IS CHANCE ?

Chance is the deity of such people as deem themselves born philosophers; their idea is that chance brought the world into being, and carries on its affairs, past, present, and for ever.

If the devotees of this idea wish to be consistent, let them swear by chance rather than "by Jove," and by similar slangy divinities, because neither Jove nor any of the others can for a moment compare with Chance in wisdom and achievement. Does he not poise the

spheres on ether, and fix the poles of our earth on nothing at all, after having first created that very nothing at all? Doth He not shew himself the Alpha and Omega of every occurrence, every invention; every fortune, every misfortune; every millionaire, every pauper, all gormandizing, all starvation, all sickness, all health, all roguery, all righteousness, all vice, all virtue; in short, all that is good, and all that is bad in the experience of the innumerable chanceling wards of this gigantic Chancery-lord?

The worship of Chance may appear attractive to some singularly constituted characters, inasmuch as it is an easy creed. It saves the "weariness to the flesh" which accompanies every attempt to solve the mental and material problems staring one in the face; and to lay every ghost that affrights the souls of men unblest by the providential care of Chance. Still, for the multitudes unattracted by such a deity, but finding all needful satisfaction in continuing to worship the "God of all gods," as revealed in Holy Writ, let it be hoped that no modern craze or vulgar cant will for a moment draw them aside from the creed of their forefathers, and the beliefs of the religious communities to whom have been confided for so many generations the Oracles of Truth and the counsels of perfection.

THE END.



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